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SIR EDWARD GUINNESS'S GIFT.

FOR some considerable time past the housing of the poor has been what a sentence-maker of former generations might have called the problem of the wise, the amusement of the foolish, and the capital of the political agitator. We have had Royal Commissions on it, Blue-books on it, honest talk and writing on it not a little, and dishonest talk and writing on it to an enormous extent. Sir EDWARD GUINNESS, in the magnificent gift which was announced on Wednesday, is not the first who has attempted to help towards its solution on the simple dead-lift principle; but he is the latest, which is more to the point. His selection of London and Dublin for the fields of his bounty is well made; for causes over which nobody has any control have made London the worst, and causes over which the interested agitators of Ireland have much control have probably made Dublin the next worst, examples of the evil. His selection of trustees is excellent. Lord ROWTON was the trusted friend of the first English Prime Minister who ever interested himself in such things, as *Sybil* shows. Mr. RITCHIE is the most efficient member of Parliament who has ever been returned by a constituency made up largely of such persons as Sir EDWARD desires to benefit. Mr. PLUNKET has performed the functions of First Commissioner of Works, which are closely connected with the business in hand, with less fuss and more sense than almost any of his predecessors. All belong to the political party which flatters the people least and has done most for it. And such instructions as the donor's general scheme gives are eminently sensible instructions, directing them to aim at benefiting as low a class as can be got at, and a much lower class than has been got at yet.

It is impossible to wish more good to the new scheme than we do, and if we proceed to set out cautions rather than encouragements, it is only because our goodwill is sincere. It may be taken as granted by common consent that previous efforts in this kind have been very partially successful; but the causes of their ill success have been too numerous, too various, and sometimes too problematical, to serve as absolutely clear sea-marks and lighthouses to the GUINNESS Trustees. One rock, however, is very clear. They, too, as of reason, are to reinvest the rents of the houses, as the PEABODY Trustees were. They will have to be careful not to fix those rents too high, in order to obtain a larger sum for reinvestment. But the rock of almshouse is almost as clear as the rock of over-rent, or the rock of good-dividend-paying investment; and it may be hoped that all three will be avoided without difficulty. There are much subtler troubles with which Lord ROWTON and his colleagues will have to contend. Trustees of their class have always been tempted to extirpate rookeries, with, as far as can be seen, the almost invariable result that the rooks are only driven off to make some other colony ten times blacker. It has constantly happened that, when the buildings have been built and fitted, instead of a class rising from below to take advantage of them, a class—taking advantage in a different sense—has settled on them from just above. It is at least open to question whether the *cité* system, the plan of enormous barracks subdivided into flats and apartments, is the only plan available, or the best plan in itself, or the plan most suited to English tastes and requirements. And then there is the last infirmity, an infirmity with which we are loth to find fault, and which demands that artistic merit shall be consulted—a demand not, it is true, met hitherto with any marked success, but the attempt to meet which has undoubtedly resulted in no small expenditure of money. Shall the Trustees fix on the middle of London and pay vast sums for their ground? or go to the outskirts, and thereby add to that existing determination of blood from the heart which not unreasonably disturbs some good men,

and to the time wasted in getting to and from work? Shall they try and elevate their clients by the provision of costly fads in fitting or not?

All these questions, and many more, are sure to press themselves on the Trustees, and there will not be lacking innumerable advisers to give them most confident, and not seldom most interested, if not interesting, advice on each. For our parts, we shall offer them scarcely more than a little story, which happens to be, in the main, true. Once upon a time—so long ago that the Chairman of the Eighty Club the other night, to whom Mr. MORLEY confided the remark of his "cynical friend" that "a man must drink too much of something," was probably anticipating the remark by committing excesses with the more harmless kind of Bottle—there was a young man who had lodgings, the landlord of which was a kind of waterside character. And one night the landlord's daughter knocked at the lodger's door, and said, "Sir, father is out of tobacco, and if he might make so bold, could you lend him a pipeful?" And the young man (who was young and foolish) took a pouch of a cunning mixture which was made by Mr. BRYANT, of Oriel Street, and a cake of golden-leaf wrapped in silver-foil, and a tin of what Mr. THACKERAY somewhat generously calls "rich Latakia," and other tobacco-nalian fantasies, and piled them in the maiden's apron, and returned to his own pipe and the works of (probably, for we are not sure) Mr. SWINBURNE. And shortly afterwards there was another knock, and the damsel returned with the lapful untouched, and said, rather timidly and blushing:—"Please, sir, father's much obliged, but if you had some *Richmond shag*!" Which little story we commend to Lord ROWTON, to Mr. RITCHIE, and to Mr. PLUNKET, for the moral thereof is exceedingly apposite. Let them find out by diligent inquiry what that lower class which Sir EDWARD GUINNESS desires to benefit wants and likes, and give them that, a little (not too much) better than they can now get it, at a fairer price, and with the opportunity (not the enforced partaking) of something better still. Let them, in particular, inquire very narrowly whether the barrack system is suited to the tastes of their probable clients, and whether it is necessary in the interests, not of large rent collection, but of fairly economical management of their capital. Model laundries, and model kitchens, and model bath-houses, and model this and that and the other, are capital things, if you can get them used, and if they do not cost too much. But there are a great many people who will not use them, and then those people must be more highly rented or kept out altogether, that others may have the use. Well-built, well-ventilated rooms, plain solid fireplaces, sufficient sanitary appliances, and plenty of water, together with perhaps a cookshop somewhere in the block of building, where wholesome food can be sold at a paying price, and the rest left to the household to perform for itself, are likely to do far more good than faddish phalansteries or great barracks full of the latest scientific and mechanical gimcracks. We are not ourselves at all sure that a considerable part of the money might not be spent on common lodging-houses—of the ordinary type, but better—with immense advantage. This is, of course, going dead against all the cant of the day, all the desires of those who would buy (and, to do them justice, sometimes sell) sovereigns for fifteen shillings, all the impossible aspirations of those who think that the lowest class of a great community which has multiplied out of all proportion can be furnished at nobody's expense with leisure and comfort equal to that of the lowest class of small communities which have not nearly approached the limit of their means of subsistence. This can never be done. What can be done, and what such gifts as Sir EDWARD GUINNESS's give the opportunity of doing, on a

scale relatively small, but positively large, is to provide a fair amount of decent comfort, or rather the opportunity of comfort, in the most economical and sensible way, without any middle profits, with a certainty of inspection enough to keep things straight and not enough to interfere with self-help, and, above all, with due and direct regard to what the people really want, what they are fitted to enjoy, what suits, in the good old words now so much forgotten, "that state of life" in which they are and not that in which they are not.

QUEER DUELS.

IT is a pity, as Mr. FOKER said on a celebrated occasion, that the clergy should interfere in affairs of honour. M. EUGÈNE VEUILLOT is not exactly a clergyman, but he is the editor of a religious paper, and occupies a position more or less clerical. But in him the journalist overcrows the man of piety and peace, and he has published an article in which a Bishop is accused of plagiarism. It is a crime easy to prove, but almost impossible to commit; nor need we wonder that the Bishop's nephew, Lieutenant PAIMBLANT, did not tamely acquiesce. No process appears more safe than attacking the literary character of a gentleman who is a bishop, and cannot call you out; who is dead, and cannot excommunicate you. But the late prelate, Monsignor LAVAL, left a nephew, a man of war, and the nephew took up the blood-feud. He went, in company with a brother officer, to the office of the *Univers*; and here, even according to his own version, he did not behave according to the rules. You cannot be too polite to an enemy whom you propose to shoot or to pink. M. PAIMBLANT was not polite. He asked for the name of the blackguard who had reviewed his uncle's book, and here, we think, it will be allowed that he made a mistake, insulting the person to whom he spoke and the *Univers* at large. M. VEUILLOT replied by a set of *tu quoques*, returned the mud which the Lieutenant had thrown, and shied some more which he had not. M. VEUILLOT is no longer in his first youth, and M. PAIMBLANT declined to strike him; but was it more in accordance with the rules to rub his nose in a sheet of his newspaper? "Then began a murder grim and great," as KINGSLEY was fond of saying. The editor got hold of the poker, and poor M. DE COLOMB, the friend of M. PAIMBLANT, got "the redder's stroke."

No good ever comes, as JEAMES says, in *Pendennis*, from being mixed up in an altercation. The end of the struggle, as is common in such brawls, was unsatisfactory. The editor said he would go on reviewing the late Bishop, for whom every one will feel sincere sympathy; for a bishop may blunder, but we cannot believe that he would plagiarize. M. PAIMBLANT said that he would kick the editor round his office; but he did not do it, and departed under a shower of Billingsgate, in which a clerical journalist ought not to be proficient. And there has been no duel, after all. This is just what comes of neglecting the decorum of the duello. Had M. PAIMBLANT respectfully asked for the name of his uncle's reviewer, perhaps M. VEUILLOT would not have used unseemly language, but would have gone on the ground like a gentleman, and shot at the Lieutenant "with the saw-handled one he was used to." Duelling exists for the very purpose of checking violent language and the arbitrary use of pokers. M. PAIMBLANT, apparently, did well to be angry; for it is the business of a nephew to defend the reputation of a priest who cannot take care of himself, and of the dead against whom it is proverbially wrong to bring charges of plagiarism. But, if we fought in England about that matter, how busy some novelists and some newspaper moralists would be! M. VEUILLOT seems to have the worse of the affair in general opinion, and it is certain that he began it, and in his clerical journal set a very bad example of Christian manners.

The duel of the American Colonels, if we can call it a duel, is a much more serious and melancholy business. Colonels GOODLOE and SWOPE, gentlemen of Kentucky, had long been on bad terms. Six years have passed since Colonel GOODLOE tried to get Colonel SWOPE turned out of his place in the Internal Revenue. Other political and personal differences had estranged these gallant sons of Kentucky, and it was a cruel freak of fortune that allotted to them neighbouring boxes in the post-office at Lexington. They met as they were taking out their letters, and they might only have scowled at each other

if they had not chanced to be armed. If one institution is less laudable than another in America, it is the practice of carrying concealed weapons, revolvers and knives. When men wore swords they sometimes met "on an occasion," as Sir WILLIAM HOPE has it, in *The Scots Fencing Master*, lugged out their irons, and fell to foining without seconds or decency. But a duel "on an occasion" with rapiers admits of all the delicacy of the art, need not be fatal, is not savage, and affords a spectacle of the highest interest to the amateur. Besides, nobody can be hurt except the combatants. Now, no amateur could be pleased, nor feel any sensation except of disgust, at the really butcherly affray between the two Colonels. The intrepid SWOPE had a revolver, and the advantage seemed all on his side. There are some who argue that, in a duel across a handkerchief, between a swordsman and a man with a pistol, the chances are equal. The pistolman may parry the sword-thrust, but in doing so he is likely to derange his aim, and miss. Colonel SWOPE did miss, although at close quarters, in the excitement of the moment. The bullet went through the post-office window, but nobody got in the way of it. Colonel GOODLOE had now got his knife out, and began to hew Colonel SWOPE "in pieces sma'," like the lover of HELEN of fair Kirkconnel Lea. But Colonel SWOPE did not blench; he fired his pistol into the other Colonel's person. Colonel GOODLOE held his ground; probably Colonel SWOPE's pistol was of insufficient calibre. It is a vulgar error to carry any lighter artillery than a navy revolver, if a man must carry a revolver at all. The owner of the knife renewed his murderous onslaught, and Colonel SWOPE fell, and died. His opponent survived him by only a few hours.

If there be a thoroughly wrong and bad way of settling a dispute, it is this fashion, which we had hoped was almost obsolete. Men may cut each other, and abuse each other's character, as we do, or they may go through a well-regulated private war, like most Continental peoples. But to hack each other to death with knives, to shoot at sight, is neither civilized nor worthy of gentlemen, and is most inconvenient to the majority of citizens. Colonels GOODLOE and SWOPE might have met in Holmgang, and fought it out, with axes if they liked, on any island in the river. This would have been archaic and picturesque; while an exchange of shots at twenty-five yards would have restored tranquillity of mind, and perhaps done nobody much harm. But rumpuses with pokers, revolvers, hunting-knives, and so forth, do not give decent satisfaction, are clumsy, inartistic, and unworthy of any society which is higher than mere brawling anarchy. Nobody but the Americans of a few States misbehaves in this ferocious way, which combines the maximum of homicide with a minus quantity of chivalrous entertainment. Whatever may be said against duelling, it is a noble institution compared with unregulated butchery. But this savagery will not die out while men are permitted to carry concealed arms.

MR. MORLEY AT HOME AND NOT AT HOME.

MR. JOHN MORLEY seldom speaks better than when he is in that state on which SYDNEY SMITH congratulated Miss GEORGIANA HARCOURT—the state of "having her society hot and strong, and undiluted by laity and dissenters." Before a hostile or divided audience he is not nearly so happy as when nobody is present but the faithful. Accordingly, his address to the Rump of the Eighty Club, on Tuesday night, was a very good performance of its kind—confident and flowing, and with a pretty rhetorical peroration about the joy of passing away like a shadow and leaving generous memories behind you. The "generosity" of Mr. MORLEY's party, perhaps, is of what we have ventured to call here the Tupmannie, or vicarious, kind; but no matter for that. Mr. MORLEY is scarcely ever excited (though we have a dim memory of an exceptional address to some picnicking miners at Blyth) by such an occasion to the boisterous cock-a-hoopness of some of his present associates. But it has been observed of the ancients that, the more pleasantly and cheerfully after-dinner oratory, even of the less boisterous kind, runs, the less is it apt to stand the uncomfortable examination of breakfast-time. Mr. MORLEY's speech, we fear, is scarcely an exception to this rule. For instance, it is generally known that there have been and are searchings of heart among the ad-

vanced Gladstonians as to Mr. MORLEY's attitude on the Eight Hours question. Why Mr. MORLEY should have selected this particular last ditch to die or live in nobody knows. An Eight Hours Bill would, indeed, be a preposterous thing enough; but it would not be in the least degree more preposterous than plenty of other things which he has swallowed with a good grace—nay, has eagerly reached for and tossed off with gusto. Probably, however, Mr. MORLEY is of the opinion of those comfortable doctors who have held that, if you stick fast to one or more points of belief, if you perpetually deny yourself one or more indulgences, and so forth, you acquire thereby full Christian or unchristian liberty in all things else. At least this is the only reason which we have been able to imagine for this curious selection of "The Crown and No Eight Hours Bill" for his battle-cry.

He is not, however, very well served on this point either by his own arguments or by those of his friends. The chief Gladstonian morning newspaper, for instance, after hinting in a rather gingerly way that it agrees with Mr. MORLEY, observes that "It is a somewhat paradoxical proposition that the War Office should not be allowed to engage the men at Woolwich for nine hours a day, although every workman on the premises was desirous of occupying himself for that period." No doubt it is; and more than paradoxical. But it happens to be a proposition practically identical with that on which the Irish friends of Gladstonians act every day of their lives. Mr. MORLEY himself "would as soon" put trades "under military discipline" as consent to a Secretary of State fixing maximum hours of labour because a majority of men in the trade demand it, or preventing workmen by the stroke of his pen from working beyond that time. So would we, and a great deal sooner. It is, indeed, grand to find Mr. MORLEY thundering against the tyranny of the majority, and pleading the right of the individual to work as he pleases. But, good heavens! what wild work do these thunderbolts make with the established and accepted principles of his own party! A majority—a "transient majority," says Mr. MORLEY, holding his breath with horror. For a rank, highflying, fire-new Tory commend us to the member for Newcastle. Certainly it is a most horrible thing that a majority—a "transient majority"—a majority "ascertained by a poll or what not" (fresh blasphemy!)—should be allowed to dictate in such a manner. But what a hideous hum do we seem to hear from the sacred principles and the theories and doctrines which Mr. MORLEY is supposed to accept. For this last theory of his cuts them all away. Never can we have Disestablishment, for we never can be sure that the majority is not transient. Never can we have local option; never one-man-one-vote; never nothing. In fact, the only institution that will stand Mr. MORLEY's new test is—we almost shudder to mention it—the House of Lords itself. There the majority is not transient—at least, so we understand its enemies to complain—there you need not have "a poll or what not" to ascertain it. It has that character of fixity which we now learn to be Mr. MORLEY's one political ideal, and which, no doubt, accounts for his steadiness in monarchical principles.

A similar flimsiness (if we may, without impoliteness, drop sarcasm, and therefore speak plainly) characterized Mr. MORLEY's speech throughout. He thinks it a sufficient answer to Lord SALISBURY's plain statement of fact that the disease of Ireland is a want of respect for the sacredness of contract to say that Lord SALISBURY passed a Relief Act in 1887. We can hardly pay Mr. MORLEY's intellect so bad a compliment as to suppose that he did not recognize his own paralogism. Perhaps the strongest, and certainly not the least often repeated, argument against the legislation of 1887 was precisely this, that it would not merely render probable, but would necessitate, constant revisions, in its own sense, until or unless it was repealed *in toto*. The carrying out of such revisions as a part of Ministerial duty implies no approval of the original legislation. And then let us take that wonderful argument of Mr. MORLEY's about the rating of vacant land. Mr. MORLEY knows of land in Kensington which has a selling value of four hundred thousand pounds and is rated at sixty-two pounds. This may be fact or it may be fiction; we do not care which it is. For what Mr. MORLEY's contention comes to is this, that a man is to be rated, not on the value of his property according to the use to which it is actually put, but on the value which certain persons choose to say might attach to it if he either got rid of it altogether or used it in some other way. So be it; we will take Mr. MORLEY a little further along his

own road. He is an excellent journalist and man of letters, and for several years he has let this talent of his lie in a napkin, or has used it only to the production of one little book. This is monstrous. If he had worked only eight hours a day during that period at books and articles, he would have had a taxable income many hundreds, if not thousands, higher than that on which he has actually paid Income-tax. He has left the field unimproved, unbuilt on; and we say, in his own words, "In no country but ours, with the popular franchise, would such a state of things be tolerated."

What is doubtless pedantically termed *reductio ad absurdum* is the best way of dealing with Mr. MORLEY, because he is himself nothing if not an example of what, with equal pedantry, is called the *intellectus sibi permissus*. We have less interest than most people in arguing that people who have read and who can write are not good politicians; but Mr. MORLEY certainly himself affords a remarkable example in support of this old doctrine or prejudice. He seldom makes a speech without showing either the painful effort of a man who is trying to make the policy which has been forced upon him as a practical politician square with the principles which he has adopted as a theoretical one, or else a deficient grasp of practical politics themselves. If by practice his hand is a little subdued to what it works in, if he is less careful than he used to be to make logic and leading, principles and practice agree, he has not given up the attempt, he is only more careless of the gaps between the pairs. He would hardly a very few years ago have left that monstrous rift about the transient majority without at least an attempt to patch it. "Now his nerves are grown firmer, Rift he leaves it and utters no murmur." Yet even this comes short of the practice of the really practical politician, such as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who never, and Mr. GLADSTONE, who scarcely ever, attempts a logical argument at all. No doubt Mr. MORLEY is, in a sense, valuable to his party; it is an old observation that such a party will give almost anything for a character, and, though it will not give so much for a reputation when the reputation is merely literary and intellectual, it will give something for that when it is sufficiently out of pocket in these respects. But when there is a considerable, and apparently an increasing, fraction of it which cares neither for intellect, nor for literature, nor for character, the politician who has only these particular wares to sell must feel uncomfortable about his future market. Is Mr. MORLEY prepared to deal in certain very different commodities?

LONDON LEASEHOLDS.

THE institution of County Councils, and more particularly of the County Council for London, has been followed by a flaming revival of all sorts of discussion about land allotments, free education, free dinners, the "liquor traffic," the leasing of house property, and various other questions of a similar character. No doubt these questions, or most of them, were debated long before the Councils were established; but they have become much more lively since, and for a very obvious reason. State interference operating over the whole country in matters like these is a great thing to ask for; it could hardly apply with sufficient discrimination, considering the wide difference of conditions in one place and another; and there still exists a general repugnance to State control in affairs of everyday life. But if such questions can be referred to the decision of elective Councils, and made dependent on the will of a majority of ratepayers in this or that well-defined district, where all the facts are easily ascertainable, there seems to be much less likelihood of error and a great reduction of the element of compulsion. That is the explanation, no doubt; and in all likelihood the Legislature will be more and more pressed to confer on District Councils a power of interference in affairs social and economical which it would hesitate to exercise on its own account and for the country at large. It would be easy to show that between the objections to the one and the other kind of interference there is not so much to choose as seems to be imagined by many; but that is not our business on the present occasion. We have to remark on a new demand for limiting freedom of contract where house property is concerned, though it would be quite as reasonable to extend the demand to contracts for the sale and purchase of sugar, cotton, corn, copper, or any other trade commodity.

The agitation of which we speak has been raised on behalf of the tenant-tradesmen of London; and some of them seem to have started an Association for the furtherance of their desires. As we understand their complaint, it is this. It often happens, when a tenant-tradesman's lease expires, that his landlord refuses to enter on a new bargain without raising the rent, or without insisting on costly repairs, amounting in some cases to rebuilding. The rebuilding stipulation is not a common one, but the demand for a greatly enhanced rent is; and it is often made when whatever additional value the house may have for business purposes has been conferred by the personal skill, energy, and enterprise of the tenant. By the exercise of these qualities, in himself alone residing, a something called "good-will" has been created, which is worth money, and which the landlord sells to somebody else for his own benefit if the tenant who created it refuses to surrender its equivalent in the shape of increased rent. That, we understand, is the greatest grievance of all. Now it may be conceded at once that the case of such a tenant, in the hands of such a landlord, has a look of hardship on the face of it. We take it, however, that it is a comparatively rare case; that is to say, it is a comparatively rare thing in London (and it is London we are dealing with) that the enhanced value of shop or factory is due to the business merits of the tenant alone, and not in some measure to general competition for house-tenancy, or in great measure to that and to a particular "improvement of the neighbourhood" besides. But, to deal with this worst grievance first, is it as serious as it is alleged to be, and what is the remedy for it whether it be small or great? In the uncommon case put by the President of the Tenant-Tradesmen's National Union—the case in which "the improved value of the premises has been created solely by the industry, business tact, and capital" of the tenant, through years of anxious toil—it seems hard that he should be called upon to turn out or make the improved value over to the landlord by payment of a "premium" or a higher rent. It is not a singular hardship; there are others like it to which the landlord is constantly exposed; but a hardship we may allow it to be. But a hardship is not always a grievance. Call this a grievance, however; and then let us see how it originated, and what is the better means of doing away with it. It originated in the terms of the original contract entered into with the landlord; as to which two things are to be observed. In the first place, it was a voluntary contract; neither party was forced into it by the other. In the next place, it was made in full knowledge that what has happened might happen; indeed, it would be strange if the tenant did not look forward from the beginning to the making of a good business—i.e. the creation of a valuable "good-will." But he contented himself (so it appears from the case assumed) with a bargain which terminated his use of the house at the end of so many years; well knowing that, no matter how or in what measure its value might be enhanced in the interval, he would have to make a new bargain for the tenancy, or give it up at the termination of his lease. Surely the grievance fades very much when we look at it in this light. The tenant might have made his bargain (with one landlord, if not with another) for forty years instead of for fourteen or twenty-one; or he might have stipulated for a continuation lease, at will, on certain terms. If this cannot be done in one street, it can in the next; and we must remember that in the case assumed the increased value of the house is due entirely to the business faculties of the tenant, and not to any advantage of "position." The cure for the hardship under consideration seems to be, then, greater care and the acceptance of a little more risk in making the original bargain. It is certainly more reasonable to call upon the tenant for that, than for the tenant to insist upon a court of inquiry to determine whether the whole of the increased value of the house at the end of his term of holding, or whether any and what part of it, is mere saleable good-will, and to compel the landlord to re-let the house to the same tenant for the same business for so long a time and on such conditions as it thinks fit. But that is what the Tenant-Tradesmen's Union demands, apparently; and it is all the more unreasonable on this account: though during the first term of tenancy little or nothing may have been added to the value of the house by tenant competition or improvement of the neighbourhood, who is to say that the landlord's anticipation of enhanced value from these causes in the immediate future may not be just?

And, should it be realized, why should he be deprived of an advantage which certainly belongs to him more clearly than to anybody else? He has to take the risk of depreciation, which may occur after an interval of increased value in which he has no share of advantage.

So far, however, we have been dealing with extreme and comparatively rare cases of hardship—if hardship is precisely the right word for it. But it does not appear that the discontented London tradesman confines his complaint to woes of this kind. We all know that when rents are raised at the expiration of a lease-term, in by far the greater number of cases it is because the value of the house has been increased by competition depending on a general improvement of trade and its profits, and (or) by some particular improvement of house property in the immediate neighbourhood. In London there are districts which have "gone down"; but, on the whole, the value of house property for all purposes has been steadily going up for generations. Therefore, as most leases come to an end rent rises; and, as a consequence, the number of people who are called upon to pay enhanced rents is very large indeed. None like to do so; and thus we have a formidable body of malcontents. But the malcontents should be reasonable; and there is no reason in claiming what does not belong to them, or any part of it. Even supposing that the increased values are of the nature of "unearned increment," it is no property of theirs; while in enormous numbers of cases it is the property of the landlord by the particular title of having paid an excess price for the chance of appreciation. In any case, the enhanced value cannot be claimed by the tenant; though, as a matter of fact, he has had the benefit of it for some time before the termination of his lease. This must be so in every case where a higher rent can be got in the market at the end of his term of holding as a consequence of competition for such property in his neighbourhood. This benefit seems to be put out of account altogether. There is no consideration, or no fair consideration, of the fact that for years the landlord has been a loser, the tenant a gainer, by the terms of contract between them; and that fact being put aside, the tenant then comes in and claims the right to another contract by which the one shall be a loser and the other a gainer still. Moreover, it seems that the Tenant-Tradesmen's Union hopes to force the Legislature to assist the operation. That endeavour they will fail in, we take it. But, of course, the London tenant-tradesmen can form themselves into a combination like those which artisans set up, and for similar purposes; if so, however, they must look for a Landlords' and Houseowners' Union to keep up rents where the rival association would put them down.

THE BENCH AND THE BULLET.

THE murderous attack upon Judge BRISTOWE at the Nottingham station, last Tuesday, once more illustrates, probably to no purpose, the curse of free-trade in pistols to which we have called such frequent attention. The accident to Mr. Justice DAY, happily slight, will have no effect upon the most reckless driving of hansoms round the sharpest corners. The injuries inflicted upon Judge BRISTOWE, unhappily serious, will leave the liberty of unlicensed firearms where they found it. The time has gone by when the sufferings of important personages led to social reforms, and SYDNEY SMITH could no longer say, even with plausibility, that the burning of a bishop would unlock the doors of a carriage. The only hope is that some day a drunken or mischievous idiot may shoot himself with his own revolver. Most miscreants, and even many fools, are extremely careful of their own skins. Men who regard everything else with contempt regard the abrasion of the cuticle with alarm, and dynamite outrages, if we remember rightly, abruptly ceased when two eminent dynamiters blew themselves up instead of blowing up London Bridge. That every one who carries a revolver in the streets of London, or any other civilized town, may receive a painful, but not deadly, wound from his own weapon must be the cordial wish of every peaceable citizen. With the exception of Montenegro, and the Western States of North America, England is perhaps the most unrestricted mart of lethal tools. If Judge BRISTOWE were a police magistrate, we should have more hope for the future. County Court judges have in England

no criminal jurisdiction, and they do not therefore enjoy the opportunity, which in the present painful circumstances they would eagerly embrace, of adding months or years, as the case may be, to the sentence of every convict who was in possession of firearms at the moment of his arrest. We exhort magistrates who have criminal jurisdiction to remember, in the first place, that even a County Court judge is a fellow-creature, and, in the second place, that the next victim may be one of themselves. Indeed, their immunity up to this hour, and the safety of those more exalted functionaries who wear ermine, may be only due to the fact that they have never been called upon to deal professionally with a German vendor of artificial teeth, whose bite is worse than his bark. We are conventionally supposed to be a civilized, tranquil, and cultivated people. We have abundance of free libraries, and no conscription. Yet one of the most difficult things to buy in London is a book, and one of the easiest is a revolver.

The wicked and cowardly assault upon Judge BRISTOWE, a man nearly seventy years of age, excites universal sympathy. Mr. BRISTOWE was well known for many years on the Midland Circuit and in the House of Commons. Everybody liked him, for he was pleasant to everybody. It appears from what was said before the magistrates on Wednesday that Mr. BRISTOWE remained on the Bench what he had been in the House and at the Bar. Such an abominable crime as the attempt to kill him is a disgrace to the country, and the Town Clerk of Nottingham might well express satisfaction that ARNEMANN is not an Englishman. But the real discredit which flows from such offences belongs to the law which permits them. ARNEMANN, with his pistol, walked without let or hindrance on to the station platform, and calmly shot Judge BRISTOWE as the Judge was entering the train. It may not be always possible or convenient to keep persons with no ostensible business from congregating round departing trains. ARNEMANN was not even a stranger. He practised his trade in Nottingham; he had been fined, at the instance of the British Dental Association, for describing himself as a dentist, without possessing the proper qualification; and he may therefore be assumed to have borne an indifferent character. Moreover, he had been heard to say that he could not get justice in the County Court—meaning, apparently, that if he supplied a customer with teeth which did not fit, the Judge would not make the customer pay for them. This man had no difficulty in buying a pistol, waiting for the Judge in a public place, and shooting him down without interference from any one. If ARNEMANN, of whose perfect sanity there seems to be no doubt whatever, had asked for a pistol to shoot Judge BRISTOWE, he would not have been supplied with it. The only precaution he found it necessary to take was not to mention his design in so many words.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON ON CRETE.

WE suggested recently that it would be desirable for some Minister to put the truth about Crete a little more elaborately before the public. The challenge was taken up by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON at Dartford last Monday. Sir JAMES, of course, knows the facts better than any Cabinet Minister except Lord SALISBURY; but with the intelligent public his name does not carry the weight of a Cabinet Minister, and with the intelligent newspaper editor he has not the chance of being reported at equal length with one. As good a report as any appeared—with creditable fairness, though for some reason or other a day late—in the newspaper which has made itself the chief mouth-piece of attacks on SHAKIE Pasha, and to which Sir JAMES FERGUSSON directly referred. Also the *Daily News* has attempted to defend itself against the UNDER-SECRETARY. We are glad to see that it distinctly disclaims "holding Lord SALISBURY responsible for the proceedings of MOUSSA Bey." But it would have been better if it had not, like Captain O'BRIEN in his celebrated despatch, "mixed up" Crete and Armenia quite so much; and it would have been better still if it had not attempted to reassert in definite form the indefinite as far as not disproved and trumpery, and disproved or trumpery as far as definite, assertions of its Canaan Correspondent. The fact is that there never was an "indictment" so cut to ribbons and torn to rags as the indictment of that Correspondent has been; and this would be equally the fact if, at last and after all, actually substantiated charges of actual "outrage" in Crete were to be brought.

It is, however, sometimes held, we do not know whether

wisely or unwisely, that exposition of truth is more powerful for good than refutation of falsehood. It is certain that the public, whether again wisely or unwisely we give no opinion, attaches to the positive narration of a responsible Minister weight which it rarely attaches to statements in a newspaper. Therefore, though there will be little indeed in Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's account of Cretan affairs which will be new to readers of the *Saturday Review*, we are glad to welcome it. That Crete, instead of being at the mercy of a Turkish Vali, has an exceedingly democratic Constitution; that the Cretans acted on the "sound democratic principle" (as fervent democrats have called it) of the spoils to the victors; that the minority, as minorities are apt to do, objected; that both majority and minority were Christians, and that the disappointed Christian minority, in true schoolboy fashion, attempted to "pass it on" by murdering the Turkish soldiers who represented the governor who constitutionally supported the Christian majority, are things no doubt quite unknown, and very surprising to the Baptist ministers, but perfectly true. That these pious Christians then found no means of restoring their own fraternal affection to a proper warmth except by combining to fall upon their Mussulman neighbours is again indubitable, and it should not be surprising to Baptists, from their knowledge of the way in which Dissenting sects, though they get on marvellous ill together, sometimes show their Christian charity by combined attacks on others. That the Turks, as peace-keepers of this Home-ruled island, had to put things straight, that some rough work may have taken place, that this roughness has been vastly exaggerated, and so forth, are also things which may possibly find credence now that they are vouched for by a responsible official. We only hope they will, but with a hope which is not extremely confident. The article of which Sir JAMES fell foul, if it had any meaning at all, exhorted the Mahomedan subjects of the Porte to rebel against the Porte, thereby abandoning the "Christian" pretext altogether. To go from Crete to Armenia, Señor CASTELAR, in his well-known exaggeration of VICTOR HUGO's silliest style, has just been remarking, "Servia exists, Roumania exists, and so does Bulgaria. Why should not Armenia revive?" One might give the eminent Spaniard several reasons, but doubtless they would do no good. And we really do not know that Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's facts will do much good either to the actual believers in Cretan atrocities. To those who, by much repetition, might have come to believe they may do good; and so they are welcome.

IRELAND.

WE doubt whether any deliberate satirist of the Irish character, from Mr. THACKERAY downwards, has ever hit upon quite so rich an illustration of its comic perversity as has been supplied by the letter in which Archbishop CROKE has enclosed to the *Freeman's Journal* his subscription of 50*l.* to the Tenants' Defence Association. The right reverend prelate is careful to point out that before making this contribution he had satisfied himself of the legitimacy of its object. Distinguished members of the Irish Parliamentary party had so clearly indicated the lines and laid down the basis of the new organization, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained as to either. "It is to be conducted," says the Archbishop, "on purely legal and constitutional lines, and it is to be built on the solid basis of 'cash in hand and of national credit.'" Its purpose, Dr. CROKE goes on to explain, is to enable them to carry on the war against "a nest and network of bad landlords," who are "armed to the teeth and in a twofold fashion." And the manner of their twofold arming is this; that "they have money, however got, in their pockets, and 'the law of the land at their back.'" Hence, to face them successfully, "we also," continues the Archbishop, "must 'provide ourselves with cash, and be, moreover, in a position to defy, while defeating, the law.'" Surely no finer specimen of a characteristic Irish product has ever been exhibited than this. "To what green altar, O mysterious 'priest, lead'st thou that' most magnificent of bulls—a League of Tenants 'defying and defeating the law' on 'purely legal and constitutional lines'?" But Dr. CROKE goes on to show how this feat is to be performed. "By 'subscribing to the funds of the Tenants' Defence Association we shall be at least equal to our adversaries in the

"first—that is, the financial point—and we can bid defiance to the law in the second place, by taking right good care on no account [archiepiscopal italics] to break it." Here, then, comes another fine horned animal, "lowing at the skies," and we are left contemplating the delightful puzzle of a law which is to be legally and constitutionally defied and defeated without being broken.

From the conclusion, however, of this wonderful letter we are able to gather some idea of what we may call the unconscious meaning of this professional director of consciences. When he recommends a legal and constitutional defiance of a law which is on no account to be broken, what he really advises is that this law should be on no account broken in such a way as to expose the lawbreaker to the certainty of legal punishment. He exhorts the people of Tipperary not to be "tempted into any rash or equivocal courses"; meaning thereby such courses as the administrators of the law will find no difficulty in putting a stop to by sharp methods of punishment. He reminds them of O'CONNELL's motto, that "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy," and adds, "Let it be ours also." All which of course is, in a certain sense, plain enough. What is meant is, "Don't break the Sixth Commandment, 'because you are likely to be caught and punished for doing so; and, even if you were not, the thing would make a scandal; but break the Eighth Commandment, 'in a quiet way, as much as you like, which if you do discreetly, you will be exposed to nothing more than the civil consequence of eviction, against the resulting inconveniences of which I am now assisting to guarantee you by a subscription of 50*l.* to the funds of the Tenants' Association." This is the plain English into which Archbishop CROKE's Irish translates itself. When he admits that the landlords have the law at their back, he, in effect, admits that the tenants who are withholding their rents are keeping back money which is legally and morally the property of their landlords; and when he recommends them to keep this money in their pockets, or, as will more probably happen, to hand it over to third parties, to confiscate as much of it as they think fit, he is simply advising them to break the Eighth Commandment on "legal and constitutional lines." When an Archbishop's notions of elementary ethics are as defective as this, it would be as useless as it might be thought presumptuous to argue with him. We can only wonder how he manages to reconcile his conduct with other and more strictly professional canons. If an Irish prelate does not know right from wrong, he might be presumed not to be ignorant of what the Head of the Church has laid down on the subject, or be incapable of perceiving that that ruling unequivocally condemns his present action. For Archbishop CROKE must know perfectly well that, unless the Tenants' Defence Association were intended to be worked on the principles, as nearly as may be, of the Plan of Campaign, and supported, as far as its supporters can manage to do so, by the same methods, it would have no reason of being. And he cannot need to be reminded of what has been said about "*id belli genus quod audit the 'Plan of 'Campaign' et ea interdictionis forma quæ 'boycotting' nuncupatur.*"

There is, however, not much difficulty in understanding why this letter should be made public just at this moment. The Archbishop says in his letter that he has been in doubt whether he should subscribe at once or defer his contribution, but that he had "settled down to the conclusion" that "to give quickly is to give twice." Let us add that it is often advisable for a person in Dr. CROKE's position to give quickly in order to induce other people to give even as much as once; and we entertain very little doubt that this last matter has weighed as much with the Archbishop as any. By all accounts the progress which the promoters of the Tenants' Defence League have made with their enterprise thus far has by no means come up to their expectations. The zeal of the farmers in the cause is of a far less ardent description than Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends had anticipated, or, at any rate, had pretended to anticipate, and the subscriptions, instead of pouring into the coffers of the Association in daily increasing volume, are dribbling into them in a disappointingly slow and scanty fashion. The truth of course is that the Tipperary tenants, who are in a fairly prosperous condition, and have had no trouble with their landlords, can with difficulty be got to acknowledge their obligation to involve themselves in a quarrel, still less to expose themselves to the risk of eviction for the mere sake of assisting tenants in other parts of Ireland to plunder their landlords of their rent. In

Kerry, where the land war was not unknown before, the organizers of the movement may possibly have a little better success, though the proceedings at the Convention held the other day at Tralee, to, as it was called, "inaugurate" the Association, seems to have been itself favoured with but doubtful auguries. This meeting, which was attended by some half a dozen Irish members of Parliament, refused to admit a police shorthand writer to its deliberations, but was not destined, as the event proved, to maintain any very rigid rules of exclusion. Its proceedings, the report goes on to say, were for the most part orderly, but on more than one occasion the speaking was interrupted owing to the attempts of the people outside to gain admission. "After a time the door was forced in, and the meeting eventually became a public one"—as apt a mode of effecting the transformation, perhaps, as could readily have been devised. Resolutions were then passed pledging the meeting to promote the extension of the Association in Kerry and levying a tax of threepence in the pound for the support of the organization. It is one thing, however, to levy a tax and another to collect it; and unless the tenant-farmers of Kerry display more enthusiasm for the cause than those of Tipperary, the new League is hardly likely to realize the expectations with which it was started.

At the last fortnightly meeting of the National League in Dublin Mr. HEALY, who presided, made a somewhat noticeable speech in vindication of the course taken by him as counsel for certain of the Maryborough prisoners. He did not enter, he said, upon this statement on his own behalf, but in the interest of his colleagues, who had been unfairly attacked in various newspapers. This is very self-denying on Mr. HEALY's part, since, as it happens, there is no one who has been more vehemently attacked, in at least one Parnellite newspaper, than himself. It had been said, he observed, that the action of counsel for defence "should have been to expose the entire system of trial at Maryborough"; but he did not know who entertained that idea. His own idea was that the first duty of counsel was to his clients, whose lives and liberties were involved; and, considering the number of "stand-bys" the Crown could command and the few challenges, especially in the misdemeanour cases, where there were only six allowed on the part of the prisoners, he believed he had taken the wisest course. This, no doubt, is very plausible, and it may possibly serve its purpose with those to whom it is intended as a reply. But, considering that one "packed" jury had already disagreed on their verdict in the case of one of the prisoners, the fact that Mr. HEALY declined even to try his luck with the other juries, who could hardly have been more "packed" than the one referred to, is a pretty good indication of the clearness of the case against those prisoners whom he and his colleagues advised to plead guilty. It is to Mr. HEALY's credit as an advocate, at any rate, that, though he is ready enough in his capacity of political agitator to swell the ridiculous cry about the unfairness of the trials, he takes care not to sacrifice the interests of clients whom he well knows to be guilty to the temptations of party demonstration, but, on the contrary, foregoes an opportunity for such a display, in order to make the best bargain with justice for them that he can.

THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA.

IT would appear from Captain, now Major, WISSMANN's despatches that the Germans will, after all, have the pleasure of being the immediate welcomers of EMIN Pasha and Mr. STANLEY at Mpapwa, and afterwards at Bagamoyo. Captain WISSMANN, who has contrived to inspire persons who know nothing of him personally with much respect of late, and who deserves his promotion, admits, "with a frankness which I'm sure must charm ye" (and how terrible is the thought that the author of those words not so very many years ago is the author of a certain set of Scotch speeches this week), that the refugees would have made for Mombassa if they could. Nor is it necessary for him to say that one of the reasons which have made the route to Mombassa unavailable is the semi-filibustering of the late, or not late, Dr. PETERS. Everybody must hope that there will be none of those slips which so often happen between the cup and the lip in the last stage of EMIN Pasha's journey to civilization. As for Mr. STANLEY, he has secured at least a very eager audience for the account which he will have to give of himself. We shall all read with interest the history of his imminent deadly escapes,

and the account of the discoveries to which he has sacrificed so much. And some of us will look with an interest even greater for his justification of the steps which have turned out so disastrously. It may be taken now as certain that, if Mr. STANLEY, postponing other considerations to the simple execution of his business, had made his way to the lakes by the same road on which he has now made it from them, EMIN would have been reached years ago, the disaster of the Yambuya force would have been avoided, the Upper Congo would not have been the prey of TIPPOO TIB, and, at least possibly, EMIN would not have been drawn away from his threatened frontier. With Mr. STANLEY, too, returns the one man, Mr. BONNY, who can tell us something direct of the rear-guard on the Aruwihimi; and soon after Mr. STANLEY opens his lips the lips of another eyewitness, Mr. ROSE TROUP, whatever their utterance may be worth, will also be unsealed. We shall be very happy if the result of the combined testimony so long kept back is favourable to Mr. STANLEY. But at present, in the hope of his approaching safety, and in presence of the unceasing puffery which a certain portion of the press lavishes upon this very courageous pressman, it is just as well to point out, first, that Mr. STANLEY has not really succeeded in his object, for everything seems to show that EMIN could have come away in this fashion long ago; secondly, that he has to account for having squandered the lives of several brave Englishmen as a direct result of his adoption of the Congo route and his bargains with TIPPOO TIB.

All the despatches which have been recently received bear, as we should expect, the mark of Mr. STANLEY's hand, and not of EMIN's; and it seems that they may have been a little doctored in transmission. It will be of the highest interest to hear what the doughty opponent of Mahdism has to say as to the circumstances which suddenly turned his victorious resistance to barbarism into a helpless rout, and obliterated the last traces of civilized rule on the Equator. His misfortune must have happened while Mr. STANLEY was first summoning him southwards to the Albert Nyanza, and then making wild-goose chases backwards and forwards between the shore of the lake and that rearguard which should have been needless if he could trust his representatives on the Congo, and must have been exposed to the danger which actually befell it if he could not. But, however this may be, it is quite evident that serious steps will have to be taken in this part of Africa, and not in this part only. Unless the despatches received are more than ordinarily confused, Mahdist pursuit must have, though unsuccessfully, followed the refugees far south of any district where Mahdism was previously believed to exist. At the other end of the lake district the slave-traders and the Portuguese, either in concert or separately, are making a somewhat similar difficulty. Between the two the Germans, as yet quite "correctly" and with due regard to agreements, are working pretty vigorously, and it behoves Englishmen not to be left behind. If there are any sucking CLIVES about, the British South African and the British East African Companies might do worse than keep an eye on the tops of the steeples of Market Drayton and other likely places.

M. TIRARD'S PROGRAMME.

THE proof of the pudding which M. TIRARD has just presented to the Chamber of Deputies will lie in the eating. On cursory inspection there is no apparent reason why it should not prove when put to the test very reasonable good diet. There is a good deal of froth about it; but then it is of a kind which is acceptable and need do no harm. When M. FLOQUET, who is not in the Ministry to be sure, but who speaks with it and for it, says that a ray of the fraternity of '89 has gone out from the Exhibition all over Europe, he is indulging in one of those sonorous and empty phrases the French love. It would be idle, indeed, to expect that Frenchmen will understand how little the "fraternity" which invites them to perpetual interference with their neighbours' affairs is acceptable to others. When M. TIRARD talks of the "hospitality" extended by France to other nations during the late successful bazaar, he will probably, nay, certainly, be listened to with grave approval by his countrymen. To them it appears quite natural to talk about the hospitality shown in charging visitors to Paris one or two hundred per cent. more than the usual prices for lodgings and dinner. All this, however, is mere sauce and trimmings which do

not affect the substance of the meal. The PRIME MINISTER's speech has been criticized at home on more serious grounds. Complaints have been made that it only says what the Ministry will do, but not what it will not do. The passion of the French for sonorous phrases is hardly stronger than the love of some of them for what they call *les situations nettes*. The Moderate Republicans and many of the Conservatives would like to have the Ministry make a formal declaration of its intention not to submit to the dictation of the Radicals, not to countenance any scheme of Revision, and not to indulge in any more anti-Clericalism. If they could get these assurances, they feel that they would have the inexpressible happiness of knowing exactly where they are. Without them they never can be quite certain that M. TIRARD will not spring a new Revision scheme on them, or begin once more to worry the Church.

This desire for security is very natural, but it may be doubted whether anything would be gained by mere assurances from M. TIRARD. The only real security lies in the steadiness and good sense of the Opportunists. It is true that their display of these virtues is tardy, but we doubt whether their continuance in the path of virtue would be promoted by a compulsory public recantation. On the other hand, something might be lost by a too great explicitness of language. The Radicals have been to some extent cowed by the result of the general election. They are prepared to join in a policy of conciliation, which will not mean a mere policy of surrender to themselves on the part of all other Republicans. As long as they remain in that frame of mind, it would be a loss rather than a gain if they are provoked into active opposition. The Moderate Republicans, who are prepared to overlook and forget a good deal in order to bring about a coalition between themselves and the reconcilable Conservatives, may profitably practise a similar policy with the Radicals. An agreement on the part of the majority of the Chamber to let questions of policy on which they are certain to quarrel alone for the present, and devote themselves to the business the Ministry asks them to discuss, is the best, the only, chance of avoiding a return to the wrangling and instability of recent Sessions. We do not hope with much confidence for a continuance of wisdom on the part of the deputies; but we are sure that a general agreement to let sleeping dogs lie affords them their only trustworthy course. For the moment a majority of the Conservatives are prepared to work with, or at least not to hamper, any tolerable Conservative Ministry, and the Radicals are subdued. It is at least possible that, if the Chamber devotes itself to business, this pacification may endure for a time. The business which the Ministry asks the Chamber to deal with has called for thorough treatment for a long time. It is nothing less than the very disordered state of the finances. With a growing floating Debt, and expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, which it seems impossible to reduce, the Budget of the richest country on the Continent of Europe has been for years past approximating to the condition of that of Spain. If the difficulty is not to grow to unmanageable proportions, a serious and honest effort must be made to deal with it at once. M. TIRARD's Ministry has at least the merit of pointing out what is to be done. As for the hints he gives—they are nothing more—of the way in which his Cabinet proposes to go to work, it is early to attempt to criticize them. It will be necessary to see the Ministry's measures. The general lines, as M. TIRARD gives them, do not look very hopeful. He and his colleagues seem to wish to do incompatible things. They promise to relieve at least some classes of the taxpayers, while they make what looks like a promise of further outlay on education, and an increase of the already excessive expenditure on public works. The reduction of a large floating Debt and establishment of an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure will, however, certainly not be attained without either a great increase of taxation or very serious reduction of charges. The Ministry promises neither of these strong measures as yet. When the Chamber comes to the actual discussion of business, it will have an opportunity of proving the soundness of its good resolutions by boldly facing one or other of these unpleasant necessities. In the meantime the abolition of the match monopoly before it is at all clear how the loss its suppression will entail is to be made good, has much the air of a sign that the Chamber is more disposed to welcome the pleasant work of remission of taxes than the disagreeable necessity for the imposition of new ones.

THE THIRD PARTY.

THERE is a familiar anecdote of a candidate for the Bar who, being asked to give some account of a "common vouchee" and his place in the legal economy, replied that, at the conclusion of the plaintiff's case, the defendant took the common vouchee out of Court and impaled him. To keep the third party out of Court lest he should be impaled is rapidly becoming one of the chief ends of modern jurisprudence. The idea that counsel may bring the third party into Court and "impale" him, as if he were an ordinary witness, shocks the delicate susceptibilities of judges and barristers. This may be in some respects a very pleasing and beautiful, as it is certainly a very novel, state of things. It contrasts in a strange, not to say a startling, manner with those rough old practices which filled the sentimental novelist with abhorrence. The unfortunate third party, when he was only a witness, had to be examined, and even cross-examined, at length and with freedom. It is true that the style of the Ancient Bailey has long disappeared from forensic manners. If Mr. WINKLE could be induced to re-enter the box, from which he so precipitately fled, he would no longer be questioned on the hypothesis that his natural taste for perjury would lead him to begin by giving a false name. Very few counsel now rise to commence their cross-examination with a look of pain and disgust at being compelled to breathe the same air with the polluted wretch who has been called by the other side. An advocate of sense and tact knows that in such circumstances the sympathies of the public, including the jury, are against him. For cross-examination is not popular, and probably never will be. Every one who has heard Sir HENRY JAMES perform the unpopular act must recognize that courtesy is quite consistent with the most consummate dexterity and the most unsparing thoroughness. But, after all, the primary object of legal proceedings is to elicit the truth, and not to spare the reputation of Lord This or Mr. That. The irrelevant introduction of scandalous matter is a social crime, as well as a professional error. Happily the discipline of the Bar and the vigilance of the Bench have hitherto sufficed to prevent, or to punish, the gross abuse of a counsel's privilege. But, as Lord PALMERSTON said in his brief and famous note to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, "there is a limit to all things." The limit of one thing seems to have been reached when a criminal case is withdrawn, and a civil case tried in private, because disclosures might be made which would damage people "not before the Court." Every one is "before the Court" if facts which he knows, or which concern him, are essential to the proper administration of justice.

We referred last week to the case of *MALAN v. YOUNG*, which affects, or is supposed to affect, the reputation of Sherborne School. Two parents have since written to the *Times* to say that, as the truth is to be concealed, they shall remove their sons from the school. Who can say that they are wrong? A third paterfamilias does, indeed, contribute a slashing response, and says that he, for his part, shall wait until the judge has decided the issues between plaintiff and defendant. How does this gentleman know what the issues are? If Mr. Justice DENMAN's judgment is published, we fail to see how the precious feelings of the third party will be saved. If it is not, nobody will be any wiser at the termination of the suit than he is now. The mere fact that the plaintiff or the defendant has succeeded will throw no light upon the condition of Sherborne or upon anything else, except, perhaps, the fitness of Mr. YOUNG to remain at his post. On Tuesday last a certain Mrs. BLOMFIELD MOORE appeared at the Central Criminal Court to answer a charge of having libelled a certain Mr. CHANDOR. What the libel was we neither remember nor care. What really concerns the public is the reason which the prosecuting counsel gave for withdrawing from the case, which, strictly speaking, he had no right to do without the permission of the Recorder. "The libels," said Mr. GILL, "are contained in letters which are very long; the defendant has pleaded not guilty and a justification, and this plea would involve the bringing forward of ladies and gentlemen who have nothing to do with the matter, and who are perfectly innocent parties [*sic*] whose names ought not to be mixed up in such a matter." When a man prosecutes a woman, or indeed when any one person prosecutes any other, he cannot without culpable rashness assume that the party charged will plead guilty. He ought to be prepared to prove his case. No doubt the plaintiff in a civil action may desist from pursuing it at any moment, subject to considerations

of costs. But the criminal law is not meant to be played with, and invoked or abandoned according as "ladies and gentlemen" may or may not be involved. Mr. POLAND, as counsel for the defendant, at once said that Mrs. MOORE would have proved the accuracy of everything she wrote, and the prosecutor's explanation may have been a mere excuse. Whatever it may have been, however, it was at once accepted by Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS as the most natural thing in the world. Of the darker and more terrible consequences which may result from sparing "third parties," it would at present be premature to speak.

THE STRIKES.

THE widely-spread trade dispute over wages, which is the inevitable outcome of good times and a rise in prices, shows no sign of coming to a speedy end. When it is quieted in one place it breaks out in another. The bakers' strike has been averted by the quickest and most effectual of all means—the surrender of the masters. This by itself may be taken to be a complete justification of the action of the men. It is to be presumed that master bakers, like other men of business, would not give in to a demand for increased wages without resistance if they did not know they could do so without incurring excessive loss. We must, therefore, suppose that the London bakers have been making profits of late years which leave them an available margin. It is a supposition which is far from rash. There is another explanation of the speedy settlement, and it is this—that the master bakers feel confident of their ability to recoup themselves for any loss they may have suffered by increasing the price of their bread. A rise of a halfpenny per loaf is already talked of in some parts, at least, of London. We have no producible evidence that this decision of the master bakers is not quite reasonable. The trade is one which has a reputation for looking sharply after its own interests, but here as elsewhere competition probably keeps prices down. Bakers may in some parts of London, if not in all, find that the new scale of wages will put them in the dilemma of either raising their prices or losing their money. In that case, the course they will take may be easily guessed. For the rest, if the public thinks, as we are told it does, that all men have a right to moderate hours and good wages, the public must be prepared to help by paying good prices. You cannot raise the price of production without also raising the price of the product. The third course, which is to compel some capitalists to work at a loss for the satisfaction of the public conscience, has not yet been openly suggested as practical.

If this simple business rule were only well kept in mind, it would be easy to remove the grievances of the London omnibus and tramway men. All that is required to put them right is that the public should give up its preference for paying a penny rather than twopence for a bus fare. It is only extreme ignorance or dishonesty which can make people blind to the fact that the great fall in omnibus fares within the last few years must have been made good to the Companies somehow. The particular "how" seems to have been found in cutting down the working expenses, which of course means long hours and low wages for drivers and conductors. The London Road Car Company does not, we venture to assert with confidence, wish to be killed in a war of rates with the London General Omnibus Company. That is what will happen to it if it is compelled to increase its working expenses. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, and other sympathetic orators, would be better employed in stating that case than in talking platitudes to the men about their right to this, that, and the other, without regard to whether they can get it. We need not say how much better such instruction to their congregations would become reverend gentlemen than declarations at strike meetings that "they would have no mercy on ratters." At the present moment, indeed, what seems to call for remedy as pressingly as the grievances of workmen (who are mostly well able to look after themselves) is the growing disposition of their advisers, professional and amateur, to use them as a whetstone for their own particular axes. A very pretty list might be made of these friends of the workmen and their doings. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL would be there with his confession that he does not understand the question, and his incitement to the Road Car men to strike. The Rev. H. B. CHAPMAN, burning with love for his brothers on the trams, and consumed with a zeal (which has eaten up the good man's discretion) against ratters, might keep him con-

pany. More notable than either of them is Lord BRASSEY, who might, for the souls' good of all three, read with comment his pitiable letter of the 19th to the Lightermen's Joint Committee of Conciliation. Never did a poor gentleman have to confess to so much wobbling in so short a time. His lordship has to confess that he gave diametrically contradictory interpretations of the "one job one night's work" rule, and that "matters cannot be left where" he did his best to put them. In this he is right, and the interested parties are making a new settlement unincumbered by his lordship's assistance. To these persons might be added the professionals of the Dockers' Strike Committee, who are now engaged in a rough-and-tumble with a rival body on the south of the river to decide which is CODLIN and which SHORR. It has happened, also, to this honourable body to be required to be reminded from Australia, and pretty sharply too, that money sent over for the dockers' families must not be divided among English Unions to further the ends of the Strike Committee. We do not know that it is very creditable that the only set-off to all the wordy sympathy, the puzzle-headed bungling, the incitement to violence, the suppressions of the truth, and suggestions of the false, which are to be found in the proceedings of these persons, should be the good sense which Mr. W. H. SMITH has addressed to the workmen from Exeter. Mr. SMITH, who is as sympathetic as any of them, does not think his sympathy is an excuse for blinking facts. The misfortune is that so many others have held back, and left the field to the mischief-makers.

GLADSTONIANS ON THE STUMP.

THE Gladstonians, as is natural of course with the "Outs," contrive, as a rule, to keep the barrel-organ of platform controversy going a little longer than their adversaries. What is more, they frequently, to do them justice, make a shift to grind harder than ever when they see their rival in act to sling up his instrument on his back. They have managed, for instance, to bring this week to a close with quite a little festival of stump oratory in the provinces. On Thursday night—fancy, on one night alone!—we had three such performers as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. FOWLER, and Mr. STANSFELD all speaking at once, not to the same audience, but to public meetings at Hanley, at Stoke, and at Taunton. Here be attractions indeed; an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, a former Secretary to the Treasury, and a whilom President of the Local Government Board, all discoursing at the same time—all of them on the same subject, and two of the three in precisely the same way.

It is unnecessary, of course, to say which was the exceptional third, the orator whose mode of treating his subject is peculiar to himself and immutable. It was, of course, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT who delivered himself at Hanley as one of the pleading patrons of that great Liberal demonstration in the Potteries which was presided over at Stoke by Mr. FOWLER. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, it will be seen at a glance by those (for there are such persons) who endeavour to form an idea of the effect of his speeches without reading them, was in good form at Hanley. That is to say, he appears to have been, upon a cursory survey of the interjected exclamations of his audience—and it is remarkable how much time may be saved, and how little of solid political instruction is lost, by confining the attention solely to this feature in the reports of Sir WILLIAM's speeches—but, though his discourse to the potters was punctuated more liberally than ever with "cheers," "loud cheers," "laughter," "great laughter," and so forth, its reception, when a little more closely looked into, suggests one or two questions of a rather puzzling nature. The applause here and there seems not to have been—how shall we put it? not exactly serious; while, as to the mirth of Sir WILLIAM's hearers, it actually inspires here and there the awful suspicion that it was indulged in, not sympathetically with the eminent comedian, but at the eminent comedian's expense. Sometimes it seems to have been aroused—and this is particularly awkward—by passages which the eminent comedian manifestly intended to be as grave as pomposity could make them. What, for instance, is the meaning of this? "There ought to be a provision that, when a working-man changes his place of residence, he should not lose his vote. (Laughter.) Above all, I have spoken in favour of the principle of 'one man one vote.' (Laughter.) There is another sub-

ject which is of special interest in this district, and "that is mining royalties. (Laughter.)" Now it appears to us—though we advance the opinion with the diffidence which should distinguish all statements on an obscure subject—that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was not joking here. Yet his hearers not only laughed at the notion of his having views on the reform of registration, and on the plural vote, but actually ridiculed—and in that presence—the reference to "royalties." All might, of course, be accidental; audiences often have private jokes of their own; but when, a little further on, we find that, on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's exclaiming, in reference to the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, "Let them fuse," a voice in the crowd interjected the ill-chosen phrase, "Let them stew," we must confess to an uneasy suspicion that among a certain portion, at any rate, of the Hanley audience there was a disposition to "guy" the distinguished orator and statesman who was addressing them.

In this *résumé* of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speech, we believe that we have not passed over anything of importance which is to be found in it. Whatever of serious argument or reasoned defence of the Gladstonian policy it contains, we feel pretty sure that we have already done full justice to. But it not infrequently happens that the personal part of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speeches are more interesting than his weightier political utterances; and this is peculiarly true of the speech of last Thursday night, which he commenced by thanking the potters for the indulgent reception which they had given that night to a "servant who endeavoured to serve his country"; and observing that "he knew that the cordiality with which he had been received was due to the fact that he had not been unfaithful to the party to which it is his pride to belong, and the chief whom it is his honour to serve." Observe the true modesty of the man in not adding to the words "party" and "chief" the word principles. Of course it is implied. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is the last man to take credit to himself on such a personal devotion to a party leader as to follow him when he deserted the convictions of his lifetime, and abandoned the cause to which he had pledged his allegiance about once a year probably on an average for the earlier half-century of his political life. Sir WILLIAM, we say, is quite incapable of such apostasy as that out of mere romantic devotion to any particular statesman—or, at any rate, to any particular party leader, if the word statesman be too wide. We do not for a moment believe that that was the motive which prompted him to follow Mr. GLADSTONE in his flight to the camp of Mr. PARNELL. Therefore, while Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has taken credit to himself "for his fidelity to the chief whom it is his honour to serve," he must have meant his audience to add for themselves the qualifying words, "so long, of course, as, and always providing that," "his chief remains true to his own principles and those of his party." And, since this was so obviously to be understood, Sir WILLIAM, as we have said, deserves the praise of the highest modesty and self-denial for having left "principles" as completely out of the question as Lady TEAZLE advised the elder Mr. SURFACE to do with the word honour.

Mr. FOWLER and Mr. STANSFELD contributed fully as much to the one special topic of controversy to which they confine themselves—except when it suits them to complain of Unionists doing the same thing—as did Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The former, it is true, made a slight and perfunctory attempt to work in the social question with that of Ireland; but the latter, as becomes a politician who has actually paid a recent visit to that country—talked of Ireland, and Ireland alone. And from the manner of his talking, we should not be surprised if one of the most intrepid of his companions on the Front Opposition Bench—we do not refer to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—found himself matched with a formidable rival. Mr. STANSFELD said that "he had been in Ireland, and that in his speeches he made up his mind not to say in Ireland what he had not said in England; and the result was that Mr. BALFOUR did not venture to apply to English members the same administration of the law as he applied to Irish members." This is a little mysterious at the first blush. Why should Mr. BALFOUR imprison Mr. STANSFELD for "not saying in Ireland what he had not said in England"? Even the Crimes Act, according to the views of its severest critics, has refrained from "creating an offence" out of "not saying something." We suppose Mr. STANSFELD to mean that he said all the terrible things about Mr. BALFOUR in

Ireland that he had said of him in England, but these only; and, if these were very terrible, as we daresay they were, though we cannot pretend to remember them, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE will have to look to his laurels. Meantime, if Mr. STANSFELD, and, for that matter, Gladstonians generally, would resolve "not to say" in England what they have said before in England, the public would owe them a debt of gratitude.

MR. GILLIES'S ANSWER.

THE answer which the Hon. DUNCAN GILLIES has sent to Sir HENRY PARKES's proposal that a Congress should be held to discuss a scheme of Federation for Australia does not materially forward a solution. The Premier of Victoria has, in fact, produced a counter-suggestion of his own, which may well be made an excuse for further debate. When Sir HENRY PARKES was asked to join the other colonies in arranging a scheme for common defence, he eluded the invitation by proposing that all the colonies should proceed to discuss the much larger question of Federation in a Congress nominated *ad hoc*. To this Mr. GILLIES replies by saying that he does not see the need of any such special appointment. He thinks that the existing Federal Council, in which New South Wales takes no part, could perfectly well represent the other colonies, even if Federation is to be discussed. New South Wales could send delegates to this body, and then the Congress, if there must be a Congress, would be duly constituted. But the Victorian Premier is clearly of opinion that it is unnecessary to discuss so much. He says that the matter in hand is much smaller than Federation. It is nothing more than the establishment of some working scheme for combining the defensive powers of the colonies. Mr. GILLIES is as eager as any man for Federation. He is even, as he rather wickedly hints, under the impression that he has already shown more zeal in the good work than Sir HENRY PARKES. At least, we gather so much from his little dig about the former occasion on which New South Wales put its hand to the plough, and then drew back. At present he seems a little suspicious that Sir HENRY PARKES's eagerness to get his hand on the plough again is inspired by a desire to drive the furrow in his own way. If so trivial an expression may be permitted about things and persons of so much dignity, he rather pooh-poohs Sir HENRY PARKES's doubts whether the Australian Federation Act empowers the colonies to provide themselves with a common fighting force. There is not, so he tells the Premier of New South Wales, any question of the establishment of a great army. That has not come up, and is not likely to come up for many years yet. All that is required is some simple working scheme by which the militia of one colony could be made in case of need to act with the militia of another under the officer seconded for service in Australia.

On the face of it there seems to be a good deal of force in Mr. GILLIES's contention. As he justly puts it, the hypothesis is that the colonies are disposed to act together to this extent. If they are not, then the whole question falls. But if they are not prepared to go even so far, what probability is there that they will be prepared to go the length of complete Federation? If the colonies are to be combined in a government on the model of that of the Dominion of Canada, there must be a Federal Parliament with power to tax and to coerce. It is obvious that the establishment of such a body would be a somewhat considerable undertaking. Mr. GILLIES, we gather, is not at all hopeful that its establishment would be the outcome of the debates of the Congress which Sir HENRY PARKES wishes to see summoned. New South Wales has certainly not hitherto shown any desire to forward Federation. It distinctly withdrew from the Federal Council established by the Federation Act. What has at least the appearance of a sudden change of policy is clearly somewhat puzzling to Mr. GILLIES. His Government is perfectly prepared to discuss a complete scheme. It would rather, or so at least we gather, do one thing at a time, and get its common defence scheme discussed as a preliminary. However, since New South Wales will have it so, it is ready to discuss things in general, only it seems to desire that the sister colony should so far recognize the existing Council as to deal with it, and not to insist on the appointment of special delegates to a special Council. It will be interesting to see what answer Sir HENRY

PARKES makes to this demand. To judge from his last despatch, he is very likely to decline, since he seems to have committed himself to the doctrine that the Federation Act is a half measure which no Australian with a proper regard for his dignity would recognize. It would appear that each party to the correspondence is thinking a good deal more of what he does not say than of what he does. Taking the two letters as they stand, we may pardonably suspect that one party is anxious to push on the work of Federation, and to commit its neighbour to it without stating too explicitly whither they are both going, and that the other is determined to upset this calculation by insisting on having an explicit definition of the goal. We cannot agree with some commentators on this correspondence that there is more than a merely formal force in Sir HENRY PARKES's argument that a scheme of common defence necessarily presupposes a common Government, or rather that more is needed than is supplied by the common allegiance to the Crown. If the colonies settle among themselves the strength of their respective contingents and the manner in which they are to combine for service under the Imperial officers appointed to command in Australia, it seems to us that unity of action and the interests of discipline will be quite sufficiently provided for. Sir HENRY PARKES's contention has, we acknowledge, some formal force; but it is, to speak frankly, merely obstructive as coming from a Government which is not really anxious for Federation. If New South Wales really wishes to federate, it could begin by sending representatives to a Federal Council, and then working for the extension of the Council's powers, if it thought an extension necessary. It has not done so, and, therefore, its sudden zeal for Federation when asked to take part in a much more modest scheme is somewhat suspect.

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THERE would possibly be a certain injustice in saying that the course of the Revolution in Brazil calls for the application of certain remarks made by Mr. CARLYLE touching the conduct of kings in the year 1848. "Not one of them," as Mr. CARLYLE observed, "turned round and stood upon his kingship as upon a right he could 'afford to die for or to risk his skin upon.'" An elderly gentleman of dilettante tastes and indifferent health could hardly be expected to make a fight single-handed; for it is very clear that there was nobody present at Petropolis or in Rio who showed the smallest disposition to make a fight for poor PETER of Alcantara. The absence of any defender, if it excuses the Royal family for not making a futile resistance, is, however, in itself a succinctly complete condemnation of the late Brazilian Monarchy. The Brazilians cannot be supposed to be a people of much political faculty. If they were, they would hardly allow supreme power to be seized by a military adventurer who impudently justifies his rebellion on the ground that the Brazilians are sufficiently civilized to take care of themselves. They have had, ever since they rebelled against Portugal, a Constitution of the most approved Liberal stamp. A people capable of taking care of themselves could have done so already, without dismissing an EMPEROR who was at all times painfully anxious to show the strictest constitutional orthodoxy. But, if the political faculty of the Brazilians must be supposed to be poor, it is equally clear that there has been a sad want of administrative faculty at headquarters. A family which has lasted for nearly seventy years, which helped to make the independence of the country, which represented the male line of the Royal House of the mother country, ought, it would seem, by judicious appeals to interest and affection, to have secured as much support as would have saved it from being sent packing ignominiously, even though it did rule over an ignorant and indolent people.

When the details have come in we shall know, better at least than we do now, why it came about that so very clean a sweep was made. In the meantime the story is somewhat obscure, and the explanations afforded highly contradictory. That the EMPEROR neglected the business of government; that he governed too much; that the emancipation of the slaves did the mischief; that it all happened because the slaves were not emancipated sooner; that it was all the EMPEROR's daughter; that it was all the EMPEROR's son-in-law—this and half a dozen other explana-

tions, all more or less contradictory and insufficient, have been offered by more or less manifestly uninformed persons. For ourselves, if we were disposed to draw any moral from the story at all, it would be the inadequacy of sentimental Liberalism for the business of government. The EMPEROR has been all that modern Liberal sentiment requires a Sovereign to be. Education, as it is understood by the newest school—that is to say, a superficial acquaintance with twenty unconnected subjects—has been the object of his tenderest care. He did not neglect trade. The rights of the negro to be released from the restraint which keeps him from returning to his congenial lazy barbarism were dear to him. No man ever showed a more amiable wish to be the father of his people, or was more careful to explain that he was content to rule on sufferance. By the marriage of his daughter with the Count d'Eu the EMPEROR established a connexion with the family which is the pink of modern monarchical Liberalism. And yet we see that at the end of it all he has been expelled as effectually and much more easily than a mere King BOMBA. It is not an encouraging example. What is the good of being so careful to do all those things which ought to win you the love of your people, if you are at the mercy of DEODORO DA FONSECA, and the garrison of the capital, after all. The EMPEROR's virtue seems to have been of no avail, because the elementary precaution of paying the garrison of the capital their wages regularly was neglected. This neglect, if it is true, is sufficient to condemn the administration of the Empire. A Government which buys such ironclads as the *Riachuelo*, the *Aquidaban*, and the *Javary* ought not to be in arrears with an army of sixteen thousand men, and if it must neglect somebody, the last to be neglected should be the garrison of the capital. One thing may be said with confidence, and it is that those who take any interest in Brazil would do well not to jump too hastily to the conclusion that all is over. Marshal DEODORO DA FONSECA and his magnificent Committee may have got rid of the EMPEROR, but they may also find that they have done more. A revolutionary movement is at all times easier to set going than to stop.

DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISONS.

THE convict prisons on Dartmoor are situated on the high bleak ridge of the moor—1,400 feet above the level of the sea—that separates the watershed eastward, flowing into the river Dart and its tributaries, from the watershed westward, flowing into the rivers Plym and Tavy and their tributaries. This ridge is just on the borders of the Forest (so-called) of Dartmoor, which is part of the inheritance of the Prince of Wales, descended to him from the Black Prince, whence is derived the title of Duke of Cornwall, and is under the management of the well-known office of the Duchy of Cornwall. In the year 1806 the foundation-stones were laid here of the War Prisons, by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and these prisons were full of prisoners of war to the end of the war. They were known on Dartmoor as the French prisons because the war was with France, and the prisoners at that time were mostly Frenchmen. It is a melancholy-looking spot; and, although Dartmoor itself has many attractions, it is not here that they are apparent. When the war prisoners were here officers on parole, governors, troops, and officials made the place gay. The Duchy Hotel was then built, and the small town, in which lived all who had anything to do with the prisons, received the name of Prince Town, as a compliment to the Prince of Wales of that time, known on Dartmoor within living memory as the *Raygent* (Regent), afterwards George IV.

These prisons were massive buildings of granite, the rock of the country, and the outer gateway still remains as the entrance of the present prison. It is an archway composed of five huge granite stones, on the topmost of which is inscribed *Parcere subjectis*—a motto impressive to those who enter in at the gate and are free to return. This massive gateway, and the motto cut deeply into the granite, carry one back to the days of the war and the miseries inflicted on many nations by Napoleon.

After the peace the Duchy of Cornwall made some attempts to turn the prisons to account, and the original war prisons, which were very interesting relics of the war, were rented by a Company for naphtha works and partially destroyed. The naphtha works failed, and in 1850 the Government took over the war prisons for a convict prison, and less than 2,000 convicts, comfortably housed and fed, occupy the places of 10,000 heroes of the war, who were huddled together in vast blocks of the prison anyhow. Since that prison management has undergone incredible changes—invisible to those who have not studied the subject—and the convicted felon of to-day, well fed, well clothed, and warm, affords a remarkable contrast to the poor prisoner of war, perhaps from a sunny clime, ill fed, ill clothed, and shivering in a Dartmoor fog. The advance in prison management from 1808 to the

present time, just eighty years, is perhaps greater than the progress of any other department of the State, and to those who knew the war prisons as they were left by the prisoners at the peace, the present prisons, clean, dry, heated throughout, with their kitchens, bakeries, baths, and all the modern contrivances for promoting health, offer a contrast indeed. In the old war prisons the blocks or wings of the prison radiated from a centre, and the prisons were surrounded by high double walls, a considerable space being left between the outer and inner walls for the patrol of sentries and warders. Some of the old blocks are still left, but the whole aspect of the prison has changed, and it has a brand-new look about it. The convicts themselves are employed in quarrying, stone-cutting, and building—building new blocks of prisons inside, and officers' houses outside. The new blocks are very well built of solid granite masonry, and look fresh and new by the side of the old parts that yet remain.

The French prisoners of war gave a very bad report of the climate of Dartmoor, and some indignation was felt at the cruelty of sending prisoners of war to such a cold wilderness, where the winds and the rains expend their fury. But the experiment of sending convicts there has brought to light the fact, which at first was rather astonishing, that it is about the most healthy place to be found, and that even prisoners with disease of the lungs are the better for the purity of the air there. It is not a pleasant climate, but it is a very healthy one, and although at first the strongest convicts were sent there, it has now become a prison where invalids are sent.

The original purpose of sending convicts to this prison was to reclaim Dartmoor, and they have made enclosures to an enormous extent, under the superintendence of a farm bailiff. These enclosures are made of most substantial walls of great blocks of granite, which must have cost an amount of labour difficult to estimate. A large piece of the moor is first enclosed; then other enclosures are made, dividing it into good large fields; then clearing the stones and rocks and cultivating for crops begin. This convict prison is, therefore, a very large farm, with any amount of labour at the command of the farmer. On the farm are bred horses, ponies, bullocks, and some sheep. There is a large dairy, and there are extensive kitchen-gardens on the farm. The dairy and garden produce is used in the prison, and very good it is; but the live stock is sold annually by auction in the autumn at Prince Town fair, where Dartmoor produce in general is brought to market, and where the collection of wild ponies is a sight to see.

The prisoners work in gangs, and there are many warders with loaded rifles surrounding them or in attendance. By good conduct a prisoner gains his reward in working under relaxed supervision, and in being entrusted with horses and carts and the dairy work. The colour of the dress denotes the convict ranked according to his behaviour. The dress consists of cap, jacket, loose breeches, stockings, and boots, all of the regulation convict material, not to be mistaken anywhere. But it is a curious fact that the lowest class of convicts are dressed precisely in that particular colour which is least visible at a distance. Sometimes in a fog convicts have escaped; but of late years escapes have been very rare.

In the summer large numbers of convicts can be seen on the farm haymaking or harvesting, and in the winter preparing the land for cultivation. Planting has also been attempted. Trees do not flourish on Dartmoor. But if a particular tree is found by experience to do well, extensive plantations ought to be made of it; for the one thing wanting on Dartmoor Forest is trees. In some situations planting has partially succeeded; but the trees do not look as if they were enjoying themselves in that salubrious clime.

The employment of convicts in hard farm labour in the open air is good for them, inasmuch as they, as a rule, do not come from a class that likes hard labour at all; and it may be safely said that three convicts scarcely do the work of one good farm-labourer. They can be made to work, but they cannot be made to work hard or well. Besides the farm labour, the labour in the quarry, the stone-cutting, and the building, there are carried on within the prison walls shoemaking, tailoring, bookbinding, blacksmith's and carpenter's work, baking, and cooking. Some who have found their way inside these walls, and are not strong enough for the farm, or invalids, are put in the tailors' or shoemakers' shops, to make clothes for their fellow-prisoners; others are put to bookbinding; and there is always plenty to do in the way of washing, scrubbing, and cleaning in general. As a matter of course, there is a school for the ignorant, a chapel and chaplain of the Church of England, and a Roman Catholic chapel and chaplain. The late Father Green devoted his life to these convicts, and has left behind him a name revered and well beloved.

Although all this sounds Arcadian and pleasant, the punishment is nevertheless very severe. To know the life of a convict is to know the severity of the punishment, and hardly anything short of that would suffice to realize it. Judges are giving shorter sentences because crime has decreased of late years, and it may also be said that detection and punishment follow crime more surely than they did, some horrible cases to the contrary notwithstanding. Seven to twenty years of life under the discipline of the Dartmoor convict prison is a dreadful ordeal, look at it as one will. There are two objects in punishment—the major object, to protect the whole people from crime by a sufficient deterrent, the severity of which should be well known and feared, and its

certainly to follow crime ensured as far as possible; the minor object, to return the convict to the world a better citizen. Statesmen are occupied with the first, philanthropists with the second, and so far the statesmen have had the best of it, as it is said that prisoners come out worse than they went in, and there is a strong prejudice against those who have undergone the process of reformation in a prison. If the reformation were a reality, there would be a great demand for the services of reformed characters.

On the face of it, viewing Dartmoor convict prisons from the high roads that surround them, and seeing the gangs at work, a very favourable impression of the methods here adopted for a convict prison is made on the mind of the passer-by. But no very great practical results, as a matter of fact, have followed. Doubtless some influences are in operation to diminish crime, but they are not farm labour, dairy labour, bookbinding, or any other labour on Dartmoor. The design to teach a trade is very good; but how many follow the trade so taught afterwards? The convicts are miserable enough, in spite of the public show of honest industry, and the fine-looking buildings; but the true methods of crime deterrents and personal reformation have not yet been hit upon. The prison discipline is severe enough and miserable enough, but it does not seem to deter the real criminal who makes crime a profession from pursuing his chosen walk in life after his time is up.

The convict is put to reclaim Dartmoor, and bids fair to improve it off the face of the earth; but it will be a loss rather than a gain to the country, and that loss sustained at the country's expense. The Duchy of Cornwall will be the richer for it, but the country will be the poorer by thousands of acres of wild, healthy, picturesque forest. The Dartmoor convict prisons answer their purpose in the eyes of the Government. But in the eyes of the people, who year after year visit Dartmoor in greater and greater numbers for their health and recreation, they must be a sore and a blemish.

A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE doctrine of Shakspeare's Ulysses—who is perhaps an Elizabethan statesman of the Cecil type, rather than a Homeric Greek, as Lord Tennyson's Ulysses is a bored Victorian gentleman, tired of home life—that men know themselves only as they see themselves in the eyes and minds of others, applies to national self-understanding. Foreign studies of English persons and things ought, therefore, to have a special interest for us. How much our knowledge of the national character owes to the interpretation of our history, philosophy, literature, and laws by Ranke, Pauli, and Gneist among Germans, and by Royer-Collard, Guizot, Charles de Rémusat, and Taine among Frenchmen, needs not be pointed out. To this list we may now add the name of M. Augustin Filon. M. Filon, who is a historic student by inherited tendency, has contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* interesting estimates of Hogarth as a caricaturist, of Lord Tennyson as a poet, and of Mr. Lecky as a historian. More recently he has condescended to contemporary politicians. Having begun with Lord Randolph Churchill, as the type of the Tory Democrat, he has proceeded, in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to the examination of the character and position of Mr. Chamberlain, in whom he recognizes the representative of State Socialism. M. Filon's selection of these two statesmen for what, we hope, are only the earliest of a series of similar studies is in part probably due to the fact that their careers are presumably still in their beginning, and that they occupy a critical position in English politics. Our interest, as Mr. Browning somewhere sings or says, is always on the dangerous edge of things; and we watch with suspense a boy walking on a parapet, though we should not bestow a glance or a thought upon him if he were pursuing his way on an even narrower kerb-stone. Will he fall, or keep his footing, and reach the point he aims at? Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain have both detached themselves from the parties to which they once belonged, or rather, in Mr. Chamberlain's case, the party to which he once belonged has detached itself from him, and their future careers have something of the excitement of adventure. The attraction which M. Filon feels towards them has possibly another cause, personal to himself rather than to them. He was for some years private tutor to the late Prince Imperial, whom he followed into exile. He, perhaps, sees in the Tory Democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill, and in the State Socialism which, on the strength of a few random and ill-considered phrases uttered in an earlier part of his career, he considers to be, in an especial sense, the doctrine of Mr. Chamberlain, an affinity with certain tendencies which the Second Empire embodied, or at any rate with which Napoleon III. kept up an electioneering flirtation. He holds Mr. Chamberlain to be the embodiment of French ideas. A minuter acquaintance with the history of English Radicalism would show him that Mr. Chamberlain is a growth from an English stock.

Mr. Chamberlain has much better reason to be satisfied with his analysis than that unfortunate pupil of Dr. Blimber's, whom the dispassionate Cornelia in the half-yearly school report analysed worse than a murderer, with disastrous consequences to his supplies of pocket-money. Mr. Chamberlain emerges from the interrogation to which M. Filon, as a political *juge d'instruction*, submits him, covered with glory. M. Filon has not a high esti-

mate of English oratory. The Athenian historian said of Brasidas that he was not a bad speaker for a Lacedæmonian. M. Filon says of English public men that, though they speak with ease, they speak ill. But Mr. Chamberlain is an exception, and his speech on introducing the Merchant Shipping Bill would repay analysis and comment with a view to the detection of the secrets of oratoric art as well as the orations *Pro Milone* and *Pro Celio*. M. Filon admits a difference in kind, but not in degree. Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship is not inferior to his oratory. So far from being a revolutionist, he is a born legislator, organizer, and constructor of societies. He is the real arbiter and inspirer of the domestic policy of Lord Salisbury's Government. The Tory chief has come to him, and not he to the Tory chief. The fact is, that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, like most sensible men, have come practically to the same conclusions as to the legislation which is expedient or inevitable. The change is at least as much in Mr. Chamberlain as in Lord Salisbury. We do not say that the Mr. Chamberlain of 1889 is inconsistent with the Mr. Chamberlain of 1885, but he is not identical with him. The better elements of his character have developed since the separation of 1886, and the less noble have dwindled. The sacrifice of party to country, and association and joint action with men who are animated by a single regard for the greatness and dignity of England, have brought before Mr. Chamberlain's mind ideas which in earlier days were too seldom before it, and developed a side of his character which otherwise might have been suppressed. If Mr. Chamberlain had remained in association with Mr. Labouchere, and had become the ally of Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Tim Healy, he would probably be a very different Mr. Chamberlain from the actual Mr. Chamberlain. As he witnesses Sir William Harcourt's performances, he may very well say to himself "There, but for the grace of God, goes Joseph Chamberlain."

M. Filon does not undervalue the present as compared with the past, or think that the Englishmen of our day are dwarfs in comparison with their ancestors. Quite the contrary. We live in an age of giants. The formation of Mr. Gladstone's Second Administration—that of 1880—was a more important event than the Revolution of 1688; and the separation of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone in 1886 was more momentous than the quarrel of Fox and Burke, though not, from the theatrical point of view, so well managed. M. Filon has really a considerable knowledge of English politics, past and present, though his comparative estimates do something more than verge on burlesque. We confess, however, to being less interested in the knowledge which is common to him and to us than in what he knows and we do not. According to M. Filon, the rock out of which Mr. Chamberlain was hewed was a wholesale shoe manufactory at Camberwell; a statement which, if it be true, gives an autobiographic interest to Mr. Chamberlain's recent assertion that shoemakers are always Radicals. Mr. Galton will be interested in the fact. We regret to say that M. Filon makes light of the ejected clergyman to whom Mr. Chamberlain has traced his own sturdy Nonconformity, throwing some doubt upon the very existence of that conscientious and suffering reverend, and computing that among sixty-three other ancestors in the same degree, many of them probably servile Loyalists, his contribution to Mr. Chamberlain's circulating fluid must be inconsiderable. From Camberwell and University College, London, M. Filon follows Mr. Chamberlain to Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain's relation to Birmingham is illustrated by a reference to Pericles and Athens, Genoa and Doria, Florence and the Medicis. If, finding it brick, he did not leave it marble, the building materials of our time are to blame, not Mr. Chamberlain. When Mr. Chamberlain hears Birmingham mentioned his countenance brightens and his eye expands; when a Birmingham man hears Mr. Chamberlain's name mentioned he murmurs fondly "Our Joey," as the constituents of Roumestan cried "Our Numé." When Mr. Chamberlain walks the streets of the town, of which he is the second founder, he has an intimate consciousness of the thought of the people and is mysteriously penetrated by it. M. Filon admits that Mr. Chamberlain does not know every one in Birmingham by name, but he knows most of them by sight. If in this respect he is inferior to Themistocles, it must be remembered that Birmingham is a good deal more populous than Athens was.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Chamberlain's sympathy for the poor was stimulated by the spectacle of the collectors of the *Income-Tax*—l'impôt des pauvres, calling at the wretched hovels of the most poverty-stricken classes for this cruel levy. M. Filon gives a graphic description of the reception of the *Présomptif*—such is the title, we gather, by which the Prince of Wales is known in England—by Mr. Chamberlain during his mayoralty, and of the conviction which flashed on the Presumptive's mind, as he shook hands with his host, that he was embracing his future Prime Minister. Mr. Chamberlain's defeat at Sheffield in 1874 by "un vieux comique parlementaire appelé Rebeck" is a matter of history. M. Filon describes the gradual degrees by which Mr. Chamberlain found his way into Parliament, acquired a knowledge of the forms of the House, such as the rules which prescribe that members who are officers must be described as "gallant," lawyers "learned," the sons of viscounts and barons, and apparently they only, "honourable," and clergymen "reverend." M. Filon also describes the composition of the House of Commons, into which members of the Church of England, as well as members of the bar, bankers and merchants are admitted.

Mr. Chamberlain's equal passion for flowers and children, his splendid library, rich in oak and green leather, and strewn with French novels—most of them, M. Filon hastens to add, uncut—are graphically and tenderly depicted. Mr. Chamberlain's eye-glass is well known. But its true function in Mr. Chamberlain's economy is disclosed for the first time by M. Filon. The final purpose, we gather, is not so much that its possessor may see, as that he may not be seen. When it drops, as eye-glasses will drop, in spite of the utmost vigour of the orbital muscles, another Chamberlain than he whom the world knows is disclosed. The tension of the features relaxes, the ironic smile disappears, the glance becomes clouded and veiled; inner meditation or a distant thought supplants neighbouring objects; "you confusedly recognize behind the man of action and authority a nature of another sort, emotional, dreamy, undecided." Mr. Chamberlain will have to be careful of his monocle. If domestic faction or foreign intrigue were to deprive him of it, an act of weakness might ruin his party or the country. Of Mr. Chamberlain's future career, M. Filon can only pray that it may be given to him in his old age to renew the great work of Cobden and Napoleon III. One thing, however, M. Filon is certain of—"Quoiqu'il arrive," he passionately and rather irrelevantly concludes, "j'ose en répondre, Joseph Chamberlain ne sera pas un second Crispi."

EXHIBITIONS.

THE eternal romance which hangs around the name and fate of Mary Queen of Scots will probably make the exhibition of drawings which Sir James Linton and Mr. James Orrock have brought together at the Old Bond Street Galleries a popular one. To see no less than twelve of Sir James Linton's highly-finished water-colour studies of the figure with costume is in itself an unusual pleasure, and there is thrown in besides an ambitious historical group, "The Abdication of Mary" (26). This latter, however, is not one of the painter's successes. It is old-fashioned and obvious in composition, and the faces are rather soft in modelling and poor in expression. The single-figure pieces are, almost without exception, better. Sir James Linton's method is uniform. He takes a subject, Mary Beton, let us say, or George Douglas. He dresses up a pretty-featured girl or a fresh-looking youth in the costume of the period, and then he produces a lustrous, almost vitreous, portrait, with peach-coloured flesh-tints, soft sombre background, and raiment as gay as one of Mr. Mark's macaws, but, of course, much more harmoniously executed. In the present case, he appears to have allowed himself to be influenced by all the existing traditions of the appearance of his personages; but such traditions are eminently scanty and delusive, and have not helped him much.

Sir James Linton's "Mary Stuart" (29) is a kind of combination, like the samples people photograph of the "composite" head of Shakespeare, of all existing portraits and impressions. Who shall say that this is not the face that fired so many Troys? At the same time, we have a conviction that Mr. Swinburne will not be satisfied, and that his dreams have revealed to him something more brilliant and, above all, more intellectual than this. The painter's Mary Stuart is mild, gentle, and soft:—

Some faults the gods will give to fether
Man's highest intent:
But surely you were something better
Than innocent!

we murmur as we turn from this meek, plump specimen of womanhood. In Sir James Linton's pretty face there is too little room for our idea of Mary, too little force, the outlines are somewhat too ripe and fruit-like. This is one of Shakespeare's "flowered" women, but not quite Mary the Queen. It is rather some maid of honour than the mistress. It might be Charmin; it could not be Cleopatra. But Sir James Linton's Four Maries, the lesser lights of that amorous constellation, are charming. Mary Seton (20), in a crimson dress, holding a peacock fan, and Mary Beton, in the softest green satin, like a dream of April, are delightful, and we return to their sweet and demure countenances again and again. Sir James Linton's men are not quite so thoughtfully rendered. This manly fellow in his grass-green velvet doublet, with the red mantle hanging from his shoulders (23), is he not far too fresh and stalwart, and much too old, for the feeble and vicious Darnley, who, be it remembered, was scarcely more than a boy when earth and heaven split about him? We think Sir James Linton might have interpreted a little less conventionally for us—

those void hands
That never plighted faith with men and kept,
Poor lips athirst for woman's lips and wine,
Poor tongue that lied, poor eyes that looked askant
And had no heart to face men's wrath or love.

But, after all, we like Rizzio (110) least. This is a clever drawing, lighter in tone than most of Sir James Linton's, and we should only praise it if it were nameless. But what is there here of the "dwarfish and deformed" David Rizzio? There is no suggestion of deformity, and, what is worse perhaps, none of personal distinction. To have fascinated the Queen as the Piedmontese secretary did there must have been something more striking about the man than this head suggests. Rizzio must have looked an artist, if not a gentleman. This is a street type,

vigorous, mean, *canaille* to the last degree. The little eye, like a rat's, is especially wrong, it strikes us. Rizzio must have had fine eyes, however dark his hue was and however ill his favour.

That Mr. Orrock has been extremely industrious will not be denied by any one who examines these hundred and odd drawings of Scottish scenery. They are now modest and now ambitious, here slight and there full; but, in whatever style they are executed, they possess an odd family likeness. They belong, moreover, to a class of water-colour drawing that is now out of date. They keep to all the fine old crusted traditions of the English school. They present us with a kind of sepia foliage and a peculiar atmospheric blue that were in fashion when Aaron Penley taught the art of sketching in water-colours thirty years ago. Mr. Orrock sees the world traditionally, through Ossianic spectacles. The convention that produces such a highly-finished composition as his "Hermitage Castle, Liddesdale" (5), is so respectable that we hardly can screw up our courage to point out that nature never, at morning, noon, or night, in rain or sunlight, in storm or calm, looks in the least degree like that. The thing is an elegant convention. It is painted after the received mode of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which Mr. Orrock is a most estimable survivor. Many of the scenes which the painter portrays are at various periods of the year—nay, at most periods—full of splendid colour, but he seems to perceive none but his decent alternations of brown and blue. And yet far be it from us to deny academic merit to this kind of work. The atmosphere is often tenderly painted; the warm browns and purple greys are gracefully opposed, but there is a monotony about all these landscapes that wearies the eye, and they are unpardonably genteel. The roughness and strangeness of nature are absent from them, and life itself is sacrificed to an estimable tradition.

THE FINANCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE effect so far of the Brazilian Revolution upon the European money and stock markets has been less than might reasonably have been anticipated. There has, it is true, been a fall in the prices of Brazilian securities; but it has not been very great, and already there has been some recovery. The explanation, no doubt, is that the Revolution has taken the world by surprise. Even the great financial houses of London and Paris who were most intimately connected with Brazil were quite unprepared for what has occurred. And the intelligence as yet received has been meagre. There is, in fact, as yet neither time nor means for accurately calculating probable consequences. Besides, the news, such as it is, is encouraging. The Imperial family has quietly accepted its deposition and left the country. The provinces have all recognized the provisional Government, and the army and navy are well in hand. For the moment, then, people are waiting upon events. It may, however, even now reasonably be concluded that gold shipments to Brazil are, for this year at all events, at an end. It will be in the recollection of our readers, as was explained in these columns some weeks ago, that the late Brazilian Government recently decided upon the resumption of specie payments and the withdrawal of the existing inconvertible paper. With that view, it granted very large concessions to a group of native and European capitalists who undertook to found the National Bank of Brazil. The Bank has been created, and in consequence large amounts of gold have already been sent to Rio de Janeiro. It was understood that considerable sums more would have to be sent, and the apprehension of this was one of the causes of the uneasy feeling in the London money market. Now, however, it is in the highest degree improbable that the gold will be sent. When once an army takes to making revolutions, it is difficult to foresee where it will stop. Besides, it is yet uncertain whether a federal Republic can be constituted, and until the situation is cleared up, it would hardly be wise for European capitalists to invest much more largely in Brazil. Some of the gold that was to be sent was intended for other large projects besides the National Bank, undertaken by Continental, and especially by Parisian, bankers. And these projects will, for a while at all events, have to be dropped. The stoppage of gold exports to Brazil will, of course, be favourable to the London money market, gold will have to be sent from here to other countries; but if the drain to Brazil is at an end, the market will be better able to supply the other demands. It is not improbable, too, that gold may be exported from Brazil to Europe. It has always been found in European countries that, when revolutions occur, the propertied classes remit to countries where order is maintained such portable property as they can easily realize. It is to be expected that Brazilian capitalists will do the same. If civil war threatens, they will almost certainly do so; for they will wish to put in a place of safety as much of their wealth as they can, and, even if actual fighting does not take place, some of them will be likely to send gold. They will argue that further *pronunciamentos* are to be apprehended, that the federal arrangements will involve much friction, and that a new Government will be less capable than the old of tiding over the difficulties involved in the emancipation of the slaves. Many capitalists, too, must dislike so great a change in the form of government, and many will doubtless think that Europe will be

a pleasanter place of residence than Brazil for some time to come. It will be strange, therefore, if some amount of gold is not exported from Brazil to Europe. Whether foreign capitalists who already have large amounts of the metal employed in Brazil will also withdraw portions of it depends chiefly upon the course of events. A disturbed political condition always raises the rates of interest and discount. Therefore, when the public mind is apprehensive, bankers are able to employ their money more profitably than in quiet times. But, on the other hand, disturbed periods also involve greater risks, and against the inducement to increase the funds held in Brazil for banking purposes there is, therefore, the apprehension of greater danger. If order is maintained, Europeans probably will not withdraw much of their money. But if civil war threatens, very large withdrawals are not unlikely.

With respect to the Stock Exchange, it seems safe to predict that the consequence of the revolution must be to lower prices. Whether the decline will be considerable or not depends upon the course of events. If the new Government is able to keep the country together, to maintain order, and to secure life and property, the fall will probably be slight. But if any of the provinces secede, it may be very heavy. Even if secession is prevented, and yet fighting takes place, it can hardly fail to be very considerable. In the most favourable event, however, the tendency of prices will almost inevitably be downward, for there must be many persons dissatisfied with the change, and these are likely to be amongst the well-to-do classes. Several of these, as we observe above, are likely to fear that once the era of revolutions is opened it will not soon be ended, and therefore that residence in Europe promises to be safer and pleasanter than residence at home. If so, they will sell Brazilian securities and invest the money in Europe. Their sales alone will tell unfavourably upon the market. Besides, it is to be recollected that the economic condition of Brazil is by no means satisfactory. The country is of immense extent, no doubt, and has great resources, but the population is exceedingly scanty. According to a consular Report recently published, it appears that the public debt of Brazil, external, internal, and unfunded, amounted twelve months ago to about 90 millions sterling. Since then there has been the issue of an internal loan of 11½ millions sterling, and the withdrawal of the present forced paper currency involves an addition to the debt of 20 or 30 millions sterling. Assuming that the financial measures of the late Government are carried into effect, the public debt of Brazil will at an early period amount to 120 or 130 millions. Then there is a provincial debt of at least 6 millions sterling, and there is a municipal debt of uncertain magnitude. Over and above all this, Brazil has given guarantees to all sorts of industrial enterprises. The railway stocks guaranteed by the Government amount to about 18 or 20 millions sterling, and there are guarantees to coffee plantations, sugar factories, and other enterprises. The greater part of this immense mass of securities is held by Europeans. Even the late internal loan was either underwritten by European capitalists or has been pledged to London and Paris bankers since its issue. It will be seen that the good order of Brazilian finance is of very great importance to Europeans, and unfortunately Englishmen are more interested than the people of any other country. Of late, it is true, both French and German capitalists have bought very largely. Several of the great French bankers who promoted the National Bank of Brazil engaged in numerous other projects which were to be carried through by means of French capital chiefly, and these bankers and their friends have been buying Brazilian securities of all kinds on a very large scale. Still, there can be no reasonable doubt that British investments in Brazil greatly exceed in value those of other countries. But Brazilian expenditure has been too rapid for the resources of the country, and every year, therefore, has ended in a heavy deficit. This fact alone must, in the long run, cause a decline in the prices of Brazilian securities; but when to extravagant expenditure is added political uncertainty, it seems inevitable that prices must tend downwards. Assuming, however, that nothing to cause fresh alarm happens, it is quite probable that there may be a recovery from the fall of this week. The supporters of the new order of things will naturally be anxious to inspire confidence at home and abroad, and therefore will be ready to adopt any measures likely to support the credit of the country. Capitalists on the Continent who have started the National Bank of Brazil, and who have committed themselves to numerous other Brazilian projects, will have a strong temptation to assist the market to the best of their power, and other great houses which in the past have brought out Brazilian loans will feel their reputation more or less affected by Brazilian credit. It would not be surprising, then, if there were first an upward movement, followed a little later by a steady decline in prices.

Much, no doubt, will depend upon the coming harvest. Good crops will make it more easy to maintain order; bad crops will make it more difficult. Much also will depend upon whether the Revolution checks or encourages immigration. The area of Brazil is variously stated at from three millions to three and a quarter millions of square miles—that is to say, it is about the size of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, or about twice the size of India, including the native States. No census has been taken since 1872; but last year an ex-Minister estimated the population at about 13½ millions; about a quarter of these, or somewhat less, are whites, the rest being negroes, Indians, and mixed breeds. A

quarrel between the whites would clearly make it difficult for them to maintain their authority over the remainder of the population. At all events, it would afford an opportunity for the rising of the coloured people. Further, it is evident that the prosperity of the country would be immensely stimulated by a large immigration. The whites would be reinforced, and the effective working population would at the same time be largely increased. Immigration would rapidly extend the area of cultivation, would augment the demand for the produce of the country, would increase the traffic of the railways, and swell the revenue of the Government. If, then, immigrants can be attracted in considerable numbers, the credit of Brazil may be maintained. It is probable that immigrants would side with the established Government, whatever it was. They would go to the country for the purpose of pushing their own fortunes, and they would know that prosperous industry would be impossible in case of civil war. Unless, therefore, political adventurers flocked into the country in large numbers, the probability is that foreign immigrants would support the form of government they found existing when they landed, their main desire being the maintenance of order. Both politically and economically, therefore, it would be an immense gain to Brazil if a large European immigration could be attracted. But it seems hardly probable that it can be attracted while the political condition of the country remains uncertain. Besides, the climate, speaking generally, is not favourable to Europeans. Even for Southern Europeans it is too hot, and they are more attracted by the Argentine Republic, where progress is more rapid, and where the era of revolution seems to be closed. The attractiveness of the country for Europeans being thus less than that of other American States, it is probable that the political uncertainty now beginning will check immigration. Upon the whole, then, we come to the conclusion that the prices of Brazilian securities of all kinds will tend lower for some time to come. If, indeed, order is efficiently maintained, and under the new system a better financial administration is established, there will be an ultimate recovery; but there seems no reason to expect a better financial administration. The finances were thrown into disorder, firstly, by the Paraguayan war, and, secondly, by the desire to develop rapidly the resources of the Empire. The consequences of the Paraguayan war are still felt, and a Republican Government is hardly likely to be less anxious for pushing forward public works and developing resources than the Imperial Government. Even under the most favourable circumstances, then, there are no grounds for expecting such an early change in the economic condition of the country as would justify higher credit; while, if circumstances are not favourable, if political disturbance or uncertainty continues, or even if the administration falls into the hands of mere adventurers, the position will become worse and worse every year.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

ACCORDING to a notice issued last week, the maximum age for candidates in the competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service is to be raised from 19, at which it has stood since 1876, to 23 years. The alteration decided upon by Lord Cross is a reversion to former practice, and there is much to be said for it. But the announcement calls attention to the constant changes which have taken place in recruiting what is, perhaps, the finest service an Englishman can enter. When the good old days of Haileybury were doomed, and it was considered necessary to bring the service more into a line with modern theories, Lord Macaulay's influence was still in the ascendant. An Indian career had more charm about it then than now, and demanded more independence and self-reliance than in these days of telegraphs and statistical reports. Moreover, the pagoda-tree had better fruit to be shaken before the decline of silver and the curse of entertaining globe-trotters. Lord Macaulay was confident that the East would attract clever men from colleges, who would otherwise look to a Fellowship and possible career at the Bar. The maximum age for competitors was fixed at 23, in order to catch this class, and for a while Lord Macaulay was justified. Oxford and Cambridge supplied excellent material for some years, men of ability, and also—for this was Lord Macaulay's second requisite—men who had enjoyed the social advantages of residence on the banks of Isis or Cam. But it was too good to last. The competition grew keener as the examination became more widely known. The Universities would not, and indeed had no business to, "specialize" for the Indian Civil Service Examination. But private enterprise could, and did, specialize. By degrees University men found it prudent to put in an extra term during the Long Vacation with a "coach" or a "crammer," or indeed to forsake college altogether for the last six months or year before the competition. And, finally, parents who naturally wished to purchase their sons' success at the least possible cost, and to be as sure as the chances of competition allowed of their bargain, "cut" the University altogether, and sent their boys direct to the crammer. The process was hastened by the reduction of the maximum age from 23 to 22 in 1859, and again from 22 to 21 in 1864, at which it remained till 1876. Hence, though brilliant men from the Universities occasionally

get straight into the Civil Service without the help of an intermediary, all practical connexion between the candidates and the Universities ceased. It was an extremely rare thing for a successful man to go up to either Oxford or Cambridge to pass his period of probation before actually taking his passage. There was no inducement for him to do so. The University was of no help to him in passing his periodical examinations.

Accordingly a cry began to rise up against the crammers, which gathered in volume until Lord Salisbury succeeded the Duke of Argyll. The complaint was perfectly well founded in the interests of India, although a great many ridiculous and extravagant charges were brought against the crammer. Instances of most undoubted cramming, no doubt, there were. But, taking them as a body, the private coaches for the Indian Civil were simply gentlemen who had the address and energy to supply a recognized want. By dint of fewer holidays and longer hours, and a special study of the examination subjects, they produced candidates who could beat the University men, exposed to the distractions, healthy as those distractions might be, of University life, in their own subjects. Intellectually their men might be quite up to the standard of University first-classmen, if not to the standard demanded by Lord Macaulay. But they could not, and they never pretended to, furnish the social training obtainable at Oxford and Cambridge. Here was the flaw in the system. It came to be recognized that something besides intellect was needed for the government of India; that, in fact, manners, knowledge of men, and some approximation to the old *esprit de corps* so admirably fostered at Haileybury, were imperatively demanded. These qualities could be best turned out at the Universities, while the life of young men, most of them living in lodgings near their coach, and exposed to the temptations of London under the pressure of severe mental labour and of sedentary habits, was anything but physically or morally desirable. Lord Salisbury determined to deal with the question, and as his predecessors had relied upon the Universities for their men, and had been disappointed, he resolved to break new ground, and to turn to the Public Schools. Nor were the head-masters reluctant in clamouring for their opportunity. So the age was lowered to 19, and by a most excellent provision successful candidates had solid inducements offered them to pass their probationary period at Oxford and Cambridge; while the Universities, following Professor Jowett's lead, broke through their ancient routine, and made special arrangements to meet the Government's views. But two questions remained. Would the head-masters hold their own against the "crammers" even on this ground, practically, of their own choosing? Would competition at the lower age be an equally good test as at the higher, or not prove a greater evil (for competitive examinations are always an evil) to boys of under 19 than to young men of 20 or 21? As regards the first question, it must be admitted that the head-masters failed to justify their expectations. Clifton and Cheltenham, and several other schools, particularly those of a modern type, did train a certain number of successful candidates. But the great majority of successes, as before, came from the crammer, and few parents could resist the temptation of sending a lad to him for a year to make sure. On the second point Lord Salisbury could quote Lord Lawrence's opinion in favour of sending out Civilians young to India in order that they may develop a sympathy both for the country and the natives. The authority is weighty; but nevertheless the young Civilians do not seem to have given entire satisfaction in India, and there is a general consensus against Lord Lawrence that the two or three extra years in England afford recruits with more character and physique.

There appears to be a nearly equal unanimity that the result of competition and cramming just between 17 and 19 (when a boy should be completing his school career as captain of the Eleven) is more injurious than between 19 and 21. Lord Derby, with his unerring common sense, had uttered a pregnant warning on the subject as long ago as 1853. "I do not believe," he said in arguing for Lord Macaulay's limit of age, "that the accidental distinction one may obtain at the age of 17 or 18 is any great test of real ability, because obviously distinction at that age depends more frequently on the injurious effect of cramming and artificial training than on the spontaneous efforts of the mind." Lord Salisbury's scheme had not been in operation more than five or six years before grave complaints were made against it. It was condemned by Lord Northbrook and Lord Ripon, and finally by Lord Dufferin. But the system had a fair trial, and it was resolved to make no change until the Public Service Commission had reported. That Commission was to some extent appointed to meet the wishes of the educated natives, one of whose complaints has been that the reduction in the age made it infinitely more difficult for a native to come over to London and compete. It was therefore natural to expect that the natives would be, as in fact they are, in favour of a higher age. But the remarkable thing is, that among the numerous Europeans, official and non-official, consulted, a practical unanimity in the same direction exists. The demand is for men of maturer character. To withstand a Commission which they were virtually pledged to support would have been impossible for the Government of India, and Lord Cross really had no option but to revert to the older age. The balance of experience is certainly in its favour. But it is much to be regretted that spending the probationary period at Oxford and Cambridge will have to be dropped if, as seems necessary, its duration is shortened. And it is doubtful whether the Universities will be any more successful than they were

before in beating the crammers. But one thing is certain. The very best men are wanted to govern India now that the European element in the administration is to be reduced, and every honest magistrate has to endure the foul slanders of the vernacular press. As for the dread of an influx of natives under the new limit of age, we think that the fears which have been expressed are exaggerated. In fact, before 1876 the percentage of successful natives was not larger than it has been since, while there is, indeed, reason to believe that the precocious native intellect is at its best between 17 and 19, whereas the stamina of the Englishman tells later. However, if young Englishmen cannot beat natives on their own soil and in their own language, then it is clear that the received beliefs of the comparative merits of Englishmen and of natives needs amending.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL last Thursday week began a fresh series of Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, before an audience which was regrettably small. Mr. Henschel has been blamed because he is not a first-rate conductor; but, though his beat is certainly peculiar, he is every bit as good as the majority of English conductors. His orchestra consists of tried artists, and his programmes contain an admirably selected combination of standard works and interesting novelties. During the winter months he has no competition to fear, and the prices charged for admission are so low that it would be imagined that amateurs of all classes would welcome the London Symphony Concerts gladly, as supplying a deficiency which has been long felt. It is an open secret that the Richter Concerts rely for their success partly upon the fact that they have become fashionable, and partly because the management is content with the performance of familiar works. In the interests of art it is to be hoped that Mr. Henschel will not follow their example; but, if London is to be freed from the reproach of not being able to support during the winter such a series of orchestral concerts as would be found in any German town of second- or third-rate importance, amateurs must bestir themselves before it is too late; for an impresario cannot, merely in the interests of art, be expected year after year to carry on an enterprise which may mean pecuniary loss. According to the advice of his critics, Mr. Henschel has this season fixed an earlier hour for his concerts, so as to appeal to the music-lovers of the suburbs, who are tied down by such considerations as late trains and last omnibuses; he has also adopted the system of Analytical Programmes, which, though not very full, are amply sufficient for people who like to know something about the music they are listening to. The programme of the first concert was in every respect excellent. Beginning with Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, it included a Symphony by Haydn, Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, and finished with Brahms's First Symphony, thus practically presenting in a small compass a series of examples of the gradual development of orchestral music during the last hundred and fifty years. Nothing could have been happier than such an idea, and the execution throughout was more than satisfactory. There was very little fault to be found with any of the performances, and some—notably the two Symphonies—were so good as fully to deserve the warm applause with which they were received. It is to be hoped sincerely that the remaining concerts will be better attended, for it would be a matter for real regret if Mr. Henschel should be obliged to discontinue them.

It was probably the want of Oratorio concerts, which is so marked a feature of the present musical season, which induced Mr. Manns to devote last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The work has been so seldom heard in London of late years that the performance had almost the interest of a revival, and the Sydenham concert-room was accordingly crowded to its utmost extent. With musicians *St. Paul* will always take rank with Mendelssohn's best work. It is conceived more in the true spirit of oratorio than the more popular *Elijah*, and almost every page shows the master at his greatest. The profound attention with which it was listened to last Saturday, and the frequent applause which broke through the self-imposed rule of reverent silence which the audience seemed at first inclined to establish, showed that the work needs only to be oftener heard to become as established a favourite as its more obviously impressive companion. The performance was, on the whole, good; but Mr. Manns, who is unrivalled as an orchestral conductor, is not as much at home with a large and imperfectly-trained chorus; when the attention of the singers can only be attracted by the incessant beating of the conductor's stick on the score it shows that a work has been, to say the least, very insufficiently rehearsed. But, in spite of this, the choral singing was much better than is usually the case at the Crystal Palace; and, if the altos could be strengthened and the exceedingly unpleasant tone of the tenors remedied, the choir might in time become a really good one. The solos were sung by Miss Anna Williams, Mme. Marian Mackenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd, Brereton, Grice, and Bailey. The soprano and the tenor divided the honours. Mme. Mackenzie was hardly at home in this style of music; her recitative singing, in particular, was uneven and exaggerated. Mr. Brereton was very unsatisfactory in the air "Consume them all,"

principally owing to the habit he has of forcing his high notes, which are never very strong, and are unfitted for the strain he puts upon them. This was doubtless principally owing to the difficulty of filling so large a space with a voice of moderate power; in the latter part of the work his singing was much more satisfactory. A word of praise must be bestowed upon Messrs. Grice and Bailey for their careful performance of the music allotted to the False Witnesses.

Last Monday's Popular Concert at St. James's Hall attracted a larger audience than has so far this season attended any of Mr. Chappell's Concerts. This was doubtless owing principally to the presence in the programme of Brahms's *Zigeuner Lieder*, Op. 103, which, although only produced last year, have already become an established favourite with the public, especially when they are sung so admirably as by Mrs. Henschel, Miss Little, Messrs. Shakespeare and Henschel, who were the vocalists last Monday. But, in addition to this, the programme contained another attraction in the shape of a new Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte, written by Professor Stanford during a visit paid last September to Signor Piatti in his home on the Lake of Como. The new work produced a very favourable impression. It consists of the orthodox three movements, though the second of these, an *Andante con Moto*, combines by changes of tempo something of the character of the ordinary slow movement with that of a Scherzo. Both it and the concluding *Allegro* are at a first hearing the best parts of the work, and are characterized by much poetic feeling and considerable charm. The opening movement is less interesting; it appears more suited to a younger and more impetuous performer than to the veteran Italian artist; indeed, the whole work would have gained by a more energetic performance. At its conclusion, both Signor Piatti and the composer were recalled amid much applause. The remainder of Monday's Concert consisted of Beethoven's Quintet in C major, Op. 29, for strings, and of two violin solos by Joachim Raff, which were admirably played by Mme. Neruda. The first of these, "Im Rosengarten zu Worms," is graceful and poetical; the second, which bears the curious title "Was er vom Werbelein gelernt," was recently played by the same artist with orchestral accompaniment at one of Mr. Kuhe's concerts at the Albert Hall, where it was called "Ungarische." It is a commonplace show-piece, of no merit.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Brazilian revolution exercised more influence over the stock markets this week than all other causes combined. The Scrip of the new Conversion Loan fell from about 2½ premium to about 3½ discount—full 6½.—and there was a decline more or less in all other Brazilian securities. There has since been some recovery, for all the intelligence, though extremely scanty, and, no doubt, subject to Government censorship, is uniformly favourable. Still, it will be a long time before the old confidence in Brazilian stocks revives. It is said that the great house which for so many years acted as the financial agent of the Brazilian Government in Europe, and has brought out its successive loans, and even those houses which have to a great extent supplanted it of late, and the other day promoted the National Bank of Brazil, were as ignorant as the rest of the world of what was about to happen. If the most powerful houses in Europe, with the greatest and keenest interest in Brazil, absolutely knew nothing until Saturday morning of what was going on below the surface in that country, and yet a Republic was substituted for the Empire almost without firing a shot, and the Imperial Family was shipped out of the country in four-and-twenty hours, people naturally ask, Who can say what surprises are yet in store for us? The effect of the revolution was by no means confined to Brazilian securities. Speculators in those securities have naturally been realizing stocks more readily saleable on terms more favourable to themselves. If there were to be a new alarm, and a heavier fall, speculators might be ruined, unless they had provided themselves with funds. Doubtless, also, capitalists have been providing themselves with the means of taking advantage of anything that may occur. Certain houses would feel bound to support markets were matters to grow worse, and others would like to be able to buy cheap if the opportunity occurs. There is still another cause of the uneasy feeling inspired by the revolution. A group of powerful French bankers has of late been investing themselves largely in Brazil and Brazilian securities. They started, it will be recollected, the National Bank of Brazil the other day with a capital of ten millions sterling, half to be provided in Europe. And they have many other new projects in preparation. But it must not be lost sight of that the Paris market has been severely tried this year. At the very beginning there occurred the failure of the Panama Canal Company. Very shortly afterwards came the breakdown of the Copper Syndicate, and the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte and of the Société des Métaux. Now, if there were to be a heavy fall in Brazilian securities, there would be an additional serious loss inflicted. What the consequences might be nobody can say. The losses of certain great capitalists in Paris who have still been able to weather the storms of the early part of the year have been enormous, and they might not be able to go through another trying crisis. In any event it is clear that their Brazilian plans are at an end for the moment. They have locked up much of their money in Brazilian investments, and, if they were to try to realize, they

would have to submit to heavy loss. The Berlin market has not been tried like that of Paris, but speculation has run utterly wild in Berlin, and, indeed, all over Germany, and the *Liquidation* now going on is a difficult one. German capitalists, like the French, have been investing considerably in Brazil of late; and a Brazilian crisis would increase very severely the difficulties in Berlin. It is not wonderful, then, that the news of the revolution sent a very unpleasant thrill through the City, and stopped, for the time being at all events, the speculative activity that was just beginning.

Were it not for the revolution, we should in all probability have seen a very considerable rise this week in British railway stocks. The money market is easier than seemed at all likely a little while ago; trade is exceedingly good; and the traffic returns issued this week by the Companies show unusually large increases. It seems certain, therefore, that the dividends to be declared next January and February for the current half-year will be very satisfactory to the shareholders. Investors, of course, will bear in mind that next year the rise in prices and wages will add heavily to the working expenses; but speculators do not trouble themselves with a future so distant as seven or eight months hence. The present and immediate future are what concern them, and they promise well. At the end of last week there was, indeed, active speculation, and it looked as if the speculation would become still more active this week; but the Brazilian news took the spirit out of speculators, and the market has, in consequence, been dull. At the end of last week, too, it seemed as if speculation in American railroad securities was about to revive. The experience of the past two or three years had taught caution to speculators in those securities; but at last the rise in prices has been carried so far in New York, and the reports concerning trade in the United States are so good, while the railway traffic returns published are likewise so favourable, that it seemed as if European speculation was about to begin on a very considerable scale. The Brazilian revolution, however, was not the only reason why the expectation has been disappointed. A report got abroad in the United States that the Secretary of the Treasury intends to withdraw nearly 9½ millions sterling, which at present he has on deposit with bankers. It was feared that, if he did so, he would throw the money market into confusion; and in fact rates in New York rose in almost panic fashion. The Secretary, however, now states that, though it is true that he is contemplating the measure, he does not consider the present a favourable moment for beginning it, and he will be careful whenever it is done not to injure or inconvenience trade. Apparently what he has in view is to compel bankers to sell bonds to him. He deposits money with bankers on the security of United States bonds. While he does this he finds it impossible to buy all the bonds that he wishes for, except at prices that he is unwilling to give. He naturally concludes that, if he calls in his deposits, and refuses to lend to the bankers in future, they will be compelled to sell their bonds to him. Thus he will be able to effect a large measure of redemption.

The Brazilian news had less effect upon the money market than on the Stock Exchange, but such influence as it exercised was towards ease. As is pointed out elsewhere, it is improbable that much gold will be sent to Rio while political uncertainty lasts, and it is not unlikely that gold may be exported from that city. At the beginning of the week the report about the intentions of Mr. Secretary Windom, which sent up rates so rapidly in New York, caused apprehension here that gold might be withdrawn from the Bank of England for New York; but since then Mr. Windom has bought over half a million sterling nominal value of bonds, and the money of course will relieve the stringency in New York. At the same time, American buying of American railroad securities during the past week or ten days in London has been on a very large scale. This will form a set-off against the large exports from the United States to this country, and will make it less probable that gold will have to be shipped to New York. Still the state of the money market makes operators anxious, for it is felt to be artificial. The rates of interest and discount would be much higher were it not that the great financial houses have brought gold, and are bringing it, from entirely unexpected quarters. If they continue to import the metal whenever necessary, for the sake of keeping markets quiet, the value of money will probably remain about what it is. But, on the other hand, if they were to cease importing, there might be a very sharp rise in rates, for the demand for gold for various countries is yet large, and is likely to continue. There is even a report that shipments to Brazil will soon recommence. That does not seem probable in the present state of the country; but the fact that the report circulates is calculated to revive apprehension, and gold may go in very large amounts in other directions.

The buying of silver, which suddenly ceased last week, began again about the middle of this week, and the price instantly rose once more to 44d. per oz. The Mint demand continues, and there is a large foreign demand which may be American or Continental. There is also a good Indian demand at a little under 44d. per oz. The rise in silver, which seems likely to continue, and will certainly continue if the American coinage of the metal is doubled, has caused the securities of all silver-using countries to advance of late. Rupee paper, for instance, has risen this week about ½. There is also a demand for the shares of Australian silver-mining Companies. It is curious that, of the large number of American, Mexican, and Peruvian silver-mining Companies

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which have been either formed or introduced into this country
exceedingly few—less than half a dozen, we believe—pay dividends,
the really good properties being owned at home. But one Austr-
ian Company, which was formed only four years ago, has in the
interval paid in dividends a good deal more than the original
capital subscribed. This Company has sold part of its properties
to subsidiary Companies formed in London, and the prices of
these subsidiary and newly-formed Companies have been steadily
rising of late.

IT is with very unaffected pleasure that we meet Mr. Morley
once more in the field of literature, which, perhaps, it had
been better for him if he had never left. We do not quite
agree with a statement of his own that "controversialists"
by the way, though we know there is authority, if con-
troversialists, why not smokers or bakers? "cannot long retain
their kindness for each other." Perhaps some very sharp
passages between Mr. Morley and a certain quondam friend
of his recently may be thought to exemplify it; but for some
years now we have ourselves had occasion to speak very frequently
and very uncompromisingly of Mr. Morley's public language and
public conduct, and we are sure that we have retained our kind-
ness for him, even if he has not retained his for us. There is little
danger of disturbance of kindness in the present instance, for
reasons which we have no space to discuss here, though the dis-
cussion might be interesting. The politics of the eighteenth cen-
tury present but little *civis dolosus* even to hot-gospellers in the
politics of the present day. It is still unsafe to handle the ques-
tions concerned in the great Rebellion, and not wholly safe to
touch those of the Revolution. But Tories from the accession, or
at least from the death, of Anne to the battle of Waterloo
were so little like modern Tories, and Whigs of that period were
so much less like modern Liberals, that there is very little danger
of the thermometer running up too fast. Yet no period is more
interesting, and in the period few figures are more interesting
than Walpole's. With some rather ugly faults he had immense
and peculiarly English merit. If not the greatest, we are inclined
to think that he was the most satisfactory, statesman of the
century. He was free alike from the incurable instability and
inincerity of Bolingbroke, from the made-uperies of that
genius *manqué* Carteret, from the grandiosity of Chatham, from
the frigid goodboyishness of his son. The good deeds for
which Macaulay praises him in reference to the funds and the
price of corn, though solid enough, may not seem very interest-
ing; we may think his aversion to war ignoble and pusillanimous
(by the way, despite Walpole's moral fortitude, there are imputa-
tions, if we mistake not, on his physical courage, of which Mr.
Morley says nothing); some of us, as Shippin said, may be for
King James, while he was for King George. He was not only
a libertine, which was between himself and his conscience, but a
coarse-tongued and coarse-minded libertine, which is a very dis-
agreeable thing, and, what was still worse, he was as indifferent to
the honour of the women of his own family as he was reckless of
that of others. But he was an honest man, a good fellow, a good
patriot according to his lights, a far-seeing statesman, a wonder-
fully able financier, and as a Minister and politician, whatever
he was as a man, one of the boldest, wariest, most enterprising,
most indomitable fighters in all history. And, above all, there was
no nonsense about him, none of the sickening cant and phrase-
making and posturing and Pecksniffery which are so often the
besetting sins of politicians, and which have particularly beset
statesmen on what may be for shortness called the Liberal side.

We rather agree with Mr. Morley that Walpole's "cynicism" has
been exaggerated. Indeed, what is generally called "cynicism"
is much more the fault of the Bolingbrokes than of the Walpoles,
and is frequently as insincere as any other form of cant. But
there was no sham or cant at all in Walpole. If he did not say
that "every man has his price," he knew that the great majority
of men, though not consummate scoundrels or utter fools, are
frequently a little dishonest and constantly very silly. The
modern cant of the party that calls itself his about "sympathy,"
"union of hearts," and so forth, would have made him not sick,
for his stomach was too strong, but uproariously merry. Perhaps,
on the whole, he took things a little too unheroically. But we
cannot all be heroes, and we can all, if we choose, not be
Pecksniffs.

We are glad to see that Mr. Morley's view of Walpole agrees
on the whole very fairly with that which we have stated in the
last paragraph. He naturally thinks better than we do of Sir
Robert's particular acts of policy, and it would be quite possible
to cross swords with him on some matters. What, for instance,
is the use of throwing an offensive word like "conspirator" at
Atterbury? If the valiant Dean was a conspirator, then those
who invited William of Orange over were conspirators of the
deepest dye. It is wiser for both sides to keep offensive names of
this kind for undoubted cases, such as the Rye House or the Assas-

sination business. And we cannot think that Mr. Morley has cleared
Walpole of the charge of loading himself with the thick clay. His
own figures tell the tale. But, on the whole, his sketch of the long
and interesting drama of Walpole's life is singularly free from
question-begging epithets or unsuccessful pleadings, and on more
than one point he breaks away from predecessors on his own side.
We do not, indeed, know that he has quite grasped the argument
—indeed, few writers have—which justified Harley and Boling-
broke to some extent for their conduct to Marlborough, and which
is conspicuously ignored in a passage eulogizing the "Junto"
which he quotes from Burke. No study of that strange battle
can be complete which omits to notice that it was the Whigs and
not the Tories who began to break the understanding of a joint ad-
ministration. We are quite at one with Mr. Morley on the question
whether government by two parties could ever stand; we are
sure that it never could. Walpole's great merit, as Mr. Morley
of course points out, is, that he first resolutely and rigorously re-
fused to have anything to do with the ingenious schemes of
partnership which had deluded men like Halifax and Godolphin.

But this does not make it any the less necessary to recognize
that faith was broken with, not by, the Tory party, in the
earlier years of Anne. Of those still more famous "four last
years" Mr. Morley has much, but naturally nothing new, to say.
We observe that, though he very confidently speaks of the
communications of the Tory Ministers with St. Germain, he is
as unable as all other historians to tell us what it was from
which the *coup d'état* of Argyll and Somerset saved the State, on
what terms James III. was going to be brought back, by whom
he was going to be brought back, and so forth. He writes one
sentence showing that he knows that Marlborough was by no
means unlikely to have gone Jacobite after all; and he writes
another showing that he knows that Bolingbroke was up to the
last in parley with the Whigs. Whether we shall ever know
what was then brewing is doubtful. We suspect that Mr. Morley
is not certain that anything was brewing at all; nor are we. On
the Treaty of Utrecht, little as he likes its negotiators, he is
quite sound, holding it to have been an excellent treaty for the
country, as it certainly was; and, though perhaps here one may
guess reasons, he is also much sounder on a long subsequent
business, the Wood's coinage matter, than most party enemies of
Swift (but Mr. Morley should not talk of Swift's "savage and
unholy genius"; "savage" is only worthy of a schoolboy or a
penny-a-liner who has Latin enough to construe *sæva* in the
epitaph, and "unholy" is foolish). One point which tells in
favour of the Drapier, and which has been missed by most writers,
Mr. Morley misses too. If the bargain was an honest one on
Wood's side, how could his losses on the sum coined have been
honestly compensated by a pension of three thousand a year?
The thing is impossible. On the Septennial Bill Mr. Morley
obeys the wise advice "*Glissez!*" And there is nothing else to
be done. The Septennial Act has worked very well in practice;
but in its inception it was utterly indefensible. The Peerage Bill,
of which he also says but little, is not so clear a case, and we
should have liked some argument on it. But Mr. Morley prob-
ably cannot trust himself to speak impartially about the
House of Lords. The story of Walpole's long tenure of almost
sovereign power, and of the conspiracy (the word is in place
here) which deprived him of it, is excellently told, and Mr.
Morley has done very well to show that the supposed collapse of
the defeated Minister is a vain imagination, and that he still
exercised no small influence.

He has, we believe, written the whole book with studied fairness;
but he has not been able to resist a few flings, which are vastly
amusing; as thus:—
It was in conformity to the political notions of the time, as it is to those
of our own time in relation to Ireland, to strike vindictive blows of this
kind.

It is rather unkind of Mr. Morley to refer thus to Mr. Gladstone's
imprisonment of Mr. Parnell; but, no doubt, he knows his chief
best. And here again:—
As might have been expected, he resorted to a common device of
embarrassed politicians; he called for a national party. The hypocritical
phrase did not make his allies forget that it was he who had first insisted
on drawing strict party lines and driving the Whigs out of government,
any more than it prevented the revival, when power was once more within
reach, of the acutest jealousies between the two wings of the patriot coal-
ition.

This partakes more of miching malecho; but it is excusable. We
find greater difficulty in excusing Mr. Morley for dragging in,
and that not once only, references to the French politics of 1873-
77. But it is, perhaps, natural, for we have always suspected
that he takes a much keener interest in the politics of France
than in those of England. It is interesting to find him an enthu-
siastic Handelian. He calls Handel "the one resplendent genius
who soars above the prosaic level of that uninspired and un-
inspiring time." A fellow-feeling for another Handelian ought
to have saved him from such an illiberal and unfounded hit as
this:—
George III. did many shabby, cunning, and unscrupulous things, yet
tradition is gradually coming to pass him off as a very honest gentleman.

The following, perhaps, he would have been more or less than
human if he had not written:—
Pulteney, though he had seceded from the regulars of his party, sup-
posed, childishly enough, that the virtue of Whig principles would remain
in him if he continued to sit on Whig benches.

REVIEWS.

WALPOLE.*

* Twelve English Statesmen—Walpole. By John Morley. London: Macmillan.

But it is to his credit that he should have ventured on so bold and transparent a reference to the nonsense about Bulgarian and other atrocities as this:—

When the country suffers itself to be swept by such stories as these, it ceases to be rigorous as to evidence and proof; the possibility of exaggeration and invention made no difference in the effect.

And so we may commend to readers a very interesting and excellent book. That Mr. Morley has, according to the common superstition, acquired any additional authority in writing it from the fact of his having sat in Parliament, or even from that of his having had the opportunity to luxuriate in the nectar and ambrosia (legend or history says this is dry biscuits) provided for Cabinet Councils we do not believe. But he is an accomplished man of letters, well acquainted with history; and, as it happens, his own pet weaknesses and prejudices interfere with this particular subject little if at all. Therefore he has written as good a book as, for the honour of letters, we could have wished him to write, and one which will, we hope, and believe, do him credit when he has long been disinfected of his association with the Gladstones and the Harcourts, the Laboucheres and the Jacobys, by the greatest of all disinfectants—churchyard mould.

NOVELS.*

THERE is no reason why a bright little story, whose author has decided to remain unknown, should have been called *The County*; but there is equally no reason why it should have been called anything else. The scene is laid principally in the well-known county of Loamshire, that favoured land of fiction; and the heroine and her very worldly sister, Frances, are "County people," and therefore very superior to all the other characters in the novel, who very decidedly are not. The book is written after the manner of Miss Broughton, only without the force and passion of that popular writer, and is perhaps more on a par with the later works of Mrs. Hungerford. The women are fair, pale, and flippant, the men big and foolish. The plot lies revealed in the first three chapters, and is of the old, familiar type. The lovely lady, poor and proud; the lover, adoring and huffy; the scheming sister, and the wealthy *parvenu*. Of course the lovely lady has a coolness with "the one man the world holds," and will not ask for an explanation of his conduct, or explain her own, and therefore marries the *parvenu*. Equally, of course, the hand of fate falls heavily on the miserable husband, and there is great rejoicing over his death. All this is *de rigueur* in a story of this stamp, and the charm of the book lies in the bright talk and amusing "frivol" of its characters. Frances Nugent is detestable, but she is distinctly amusing in her worldly wisdom:—

"You will find that smothering any little dawning fancy which may happen to trouble you is excellent practice for getting your heart well in hand. 'I'—with modest pride—'can speak from experience, as you know. Did I not tilt with my foolish tendresse for Lance Beresford and come off victor? And is not my heart—such as it is—perfectly ready to go with my hand when a fitting suitor presents himself? I remember"—with a shudder at the chilly retrospect—"that it was a bitter afternoon last March when Lance came to say Good-bye, and what quite decided me was the thought of coals. It struck me that upon good, a year one would have to economize in fires."

On diet such as this we are sustained throughout two volumes, the print whereof is large and the margins wide. It is all very light reading, of course, but there is nothing objectionable, except to those who read a novel from a serious motive. They will probably find that their sympathies are enlisted by the wife, who, though faithful to her husband in a certain sense, loves "another man twice as well," and that on account of this sympathy the moral of the story is not moral at all.

In *Apples of Sodom* we hear a good deal about music; and, taking a hint from the author, we may best describe the book by saying that it begins *scherzando*, continues *andante capriccioso*, and ends *adagio religioso*. The first part is the best. Marcus Brand, the head of his school, the captain of the school eleven, proposes to and is accepted by Jenny Fermor, a pretty, plaintive little person, who posed as a bereaved orphan, and perpetually "accepted slights and offered sacrifices which were by no means incumbent on her to offer, and then pitied herself for it." The young man's father sternly refused to sanction the engagement, and Marcus goes to Oxbridge, and remains there four years, during which time he never sees the plaintive Jenny, but does see very frequently Armine Constable, the bewitching clever daughter of a learned professor. At the end of these four years Marcus is by no means so enthusiastic about Miss Jenny Fermor as he had been on the day he left Harcheston school; but, feeling that he is in honour bound, he persuades his father to consent to a renewal of his proposal, goes down to Harcheston, finds Jenny prettier and more plaintive than ever, and recognizes that he would be "a brute" to forsake her. It is no mystery, however, that Armine Constable is the real "affinity." This being announced, we divine, with the prescience of the accustomed novel-reader, that Jenny's doom is sealed. But when and where does she die? Nothing shall induce us to

reveal this, the more so as the author takes a new start from this point, with the indigestibility of "Apples of Sodom" as her text. We concur in the fact, and regret that from her point of view the sermon was indispensable. We confess that the self-confident Armine, with the caustic speech and artistic temperament, is more attractive to us than the remorseful lover; and, though it was doubtless very wrong of her to play the violin to him in such a manner as to make him feel "a little uncomfortable," it is very characteristic of womankind to waken "old memories from their sleep," and then be rather alarmed at the effect they have produced. The book, as a whole, is well written. The language is hard, the periods well rounded, and the story, though somewhat spun out, is told with a definite purpose; but the writing is hard, clear, and cold as an east wind. Justice is in no wise tempered with mercy; and the standard of self-immolation is set so high that the sympathy remains with those who fail to reach it.

The charm that is wanting in *Apples of Sodom* is very vividly present in *A Hardy Norseman*. The book is eminently one suited to those good people who, living in the wide-spreading light of charity, are to our "faults a little blind, and to our virtues ever kind," but it is interesting to everybody. It is not given to every writer to make a work of this class interesting. There is generally too much "skip" about a novel in which religion plays a prominent part, and yet where no theological discussions arise. Edna Lyall herself does not always succeed, but on this occasion she has done well. Her characters live and move and have a being. We like their appearance, we take to them at once and sympathize with their joys and sorrows, their weakness and their strength. We renew also our acquaintance with some old friends of former works. Miss Edna Lyall is evidently as reluctant to say good-bye to Carlo Donati as were the readers of *A Knight Errant*; and Charles Osgood is as steadfast in good works as he was in the days of *We Two*. We are taken immediately on the opening of the story to "the land of the midnight sun," and introduced, while still on the steamer, to Frithiof Falck, the "Hardy Norseman," who had come to the landing quay of Bergen to receive and welcome his father's London correspondents. Frithiof was

tall and broad-shouldered, with something unusually erect and energetic in his bearing; his features were of the pure Greek type, not unfrequently to be met with in Norway; while his Northern birth was attested by a fair skin and light hair and moustache, as well as by a pair of honest, well-opened, blue eyes, which looked out on the world with a boyish content and happiness.

Such is our hero, like a young bear with all his troubles before him. The troubles come soon enough, and are heavy enough to weigh down a braver spirit. The boyish content is swallowed up by the apathy of despair, and Frithiof's "dark hour" is dark indeed. It is in the description of this period of her hero's life that the author excels. There is no exaggeration either of virtue or vice; we are shown a human being whose sorrows make him hard and bitter, and whose traditions keep him honest. More than this, Frithiof is represented as speaking English perfectly, but in feeling, thought, and action he remains a Norwegian. We have many, but not too many, descriptions of Norway and the home-life of its simple people. Sigrid and Swanhild, Frithiof's sisters, are charming, and the history of their life in the "workmen's model lodgings," where they had four rooms for seven-and-sixpence a week, and furnished them for twenty-eight pounds, is full of interest. The first evening that the little family spend in their new home is thoroughly characteristic. Sigrid decides that, as they have to wait on themselves, they may as well get what fun they can out of it. So the tea-things being washed and put away, the boots cleaned, and the lamp lighted, the piano lent to them by a kind friend is opened, and Sigrid asks,

"What shall be the first thing we play in our new home, Swanhild?"

"For Norge," said the little girl promptly. "Come and sing, Frithiof; do come," pleaded Swanhild, slipping her hand caressingly into his and drawing him towards the piano. And willingly enough he consented; and in their new home in this foreign land they sang together the stirring national song.

For those who feel interested already in Frithiof Falck we may add that the love of a good woman is his reward after much tribulation, in the course of which he learns to recognize that

every heart has its own romance, and, whether living in the fierce glare of a palace, in the whirl of society, in a quiet London suburb, or in an East-End court, it is all the same. The details differ, the accessories are strangely different, but the love which is the great mainspring of life is precisely the same all the world over.

What a terrible thing is a sporting novel badly written! A little hunting sandwiched in between two thick slices of heavy love-making. Mrs. Edward Kennard adds mustard to this compound in the shape of liberal abuse of that wretched thing called Man; but the piquancy of salt is conspicuous only by its absence, and the severest form of literary hunger, known as "Nothing else to read," would be needed to make this book acceptable. The Matron "might have been some five or six-and-thirty years of age, and was in many respects a remarkable-looking woman. Her beauty, though on the wane, was still striking in spite of a certain undefinable coarseness and voluptuous maturity which, in fastidious eyes, detracted somewhat from its charm." This woman's character and conversation match her appearance, and the combination is very unpleasant. Beaumont Dornay nevertheless loved her in the days when he was a gay young soldier of one-and-twenty and she was a widow of thirty; but he was poor,

* *The County*. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

Apples of Sodom. By M. Bramston. 2 vols. London: Smith & Innes. 1889.

A Hardy Norseman. By Edna Lyall. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

Matron or Maid. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1889.

and she lost her fortune if she married again, so they agreed to wait. He went to India with his regiment, and she set to work to save. She evidently practised great economy, for out of an income of 7,000*l.* a year she not only put by 40,000*l.* in five years, but lent to her lover sums amounting in all to nearly 4,000*l.* And yet when the ungrateful one returns from India, and she awaits him with her mature heart beating tempestuously, he only thinks that she has grown quite fat and coarse-looking, wonders how he could ever have admired her, and—accepts another cheque to buy hunters with. In company with a friend, a lovelorn swain with a huge appetite, Beau Dornay betakes himself and his hunters to Fieldborough. He no sooner arrives, than he falls in love with Miss Dolly Dalrymple, and, after ten minutes' acquaintance, entertains her in this manner:—"I hope you don't wholly set your face against admirers, Miss Dolly—I beg pardon, I mean Miss Dalrymple—for men as a body would be desperately badly off if all the nicest, freshest girls refused to have anything to say to them, and took horses and dogs to their hearts rather than husbands. Not but what," he added lightly, "I daresay, the former are preferable, and give less trouble." In this wise the "Maid" is wooed and won, but not without a struggle. She speaks severely to the impetuous young man:—"Really, Captain Dornay," she said with that reserve which modest girls know so well how to assume on occasion, "your language is as incomprehensible as it is extraordinary. I must remind you that you are no longer in India, and that however you may talk to the young ladies over there, English ones are not accustomed to quite the same free-and-easy style of conversation." There is a grace and delicacy in these remarks that would inspire any man with respect for the fair speaker. Her philosophy also is full of refinement, and consists of unreasoning abuse of men in general and young men in particular. The conceit, the selfishness, the abnormal appetite of the lords of creation are freely commented on with the virulence peculiar to Mrs. Edward Kennard. All men are vile, and a duke is the most vile. His Grace of Jockland is described as "a short, stout young man, with a dull eye and an unhealthy complexion, sandy hair, and an ape-like head, which betrayed a good many more animal than intellectual propensities." This one-eyed nobleman eats and drinks enormously, and dies of delirium tremens. If Mrs. Kennard reproduces in her books people that she has seen and known, we must condole with her on her unfortunate experience; if, however, they are, as we would fondly hope, only imaginary beings, we would suggest that in her next book she should try to think of something less material and repulsive.

THE GEOLOGICAL RECORD.*

THE first volume of this valuable work has already been noticed in these pages; with the present one the Record of Papers on Geology and Mineralogy published between the years 1880 and 1884 is completed. Obviously it has made a late appearance; for in a very few weeks there will be another full period of five years, in regard to which geologists would gladly receive information. But the old proverb of "not looking a gift-horse in the mouth" applies here, and the editors are more deserving of praise for what they have done than of blame for the delay which has in no small part been due to unforeseen causes. To many workers, especially those most devoted to original research, the labour of compiling catalogues and wading through a mass of literature, not always either interesting or valuable, is peculiarly distasteful; so that the lion's share of a work of this kind generally falls to a few men whose time already is largely occupied with other duties which they cannot afford to neglect. More than once, indeed, it has been rumoured that the *Geological Record* would cease to appear; but we trust that the present issue will receive from geological students a welcome sufficiently hearty and liberal to encourage its editors to bring the work up to date and continue it in the future.

To criticize a book like this would require something very like geological omniscience, so we shall not attempt the task, but content ourselves with indicating the field covered by the present volume. The former one contained a list of the papers relating to stratigraphical and descriptive geology. The plan originally followed of giving brief abstracts of most of the papers noticed has been abandoned, and in the two parts of the present issue merely the titles of the papers or books, with the necessary references, are printed, a few explanatory words being added in a very limited number of cases, where the titles alone might give insufficient information. This second part contains a list of the papers &c. (published during the same period of five years) which relate to the following subjects:—Physical Geology, Applied and Economic Geology, Petrology, Meteorites, Mineralogy, Mineral Waters, Palæontology, General Geology (this being practically the receptacle for works which cannot be ranged under any special heading), and, lastly, Maps and Sections.

The work, as now completed, indicates the rapid increase in the amount of geological literature which has occurred during recent years. If we select for comparison the volume for 1875, the second in the series (and we choose this in preference to the first

volume, because the latter in a publication of this kind is necessarily rather tentative and imperfect), we find that it consisted (including the index, &c.) of 416 pages, while the present work contains in all 989 pages. But in the former, as abstracts of the papers cited are inserted, the numbers of titles on a page is rather more than six, while in the latter it is about fifteen. Thus the one contains about 2,600 titles, the other about 15,000, which gives an average of 3,000, or an increase of 400 for each year between 1880 and 1884 inclusive. This approximation is a very rough one, because to attain anything like accuracy, owing to the inclusion of cross references and similar difficulties, would require a very minute analysis, and entail a large amount of thoroughly useless labour; but it probably gives a fair indication of the growth in this department of scientific literature.

It is also interesting to note, as we turn over the pages, that those who have attained to a considerable position among geologists exhibit a marked difference in their productive powers. For instance, if we compare the entries under the names of two men of about the same age and position, we find that in this period of five years the one has published more than forty papers, the other, at most, seventeen; thus their productiveness is very nearly in the proportion of eight to three. Yet the conditions under which their work has been done are seemingly similar, and in this respect, if there be any difference, it is not in favour of the more productive author. Another point of interest will be found in the indications afforded as to the catholicity or exclusiveness, so far as regards geology, of different authors; one man ranges over a wide field, and publishes papers upon various parts of it, while another, who writes about as frequently, restricts himself to a limited portion of a single department of the science.

A list of titles can hardly be expected to entertain, however much it may help the student. Still, a few of those quoted in this volume may be reckoned as belonging to the light literature (in one sense of the epithet) of geology. For instance, two or three commemorate those efforts to prop up dubious theology by unsound science to which the Victoria Institute has been wont to offer a cordial welcome, efforts which still linger on like the apteryx in favourable and sequestered localities. A paper on *Eophyllum canadense*, a supposed fossil from the Laurentian limestone, reminds us of the singular vagaries of an author who appeared to be endowed with a power of detecting organic structures in the most improbable of rocks, and to be quite equal to proving that a girder of the Forth Bridge was a fossil seaweed. Mr. Cope Whitehouse, that most pertinacious of imaginative reasoners, asks his favourite question, Is Fingal's Cave artificial? Mr. Ignatius Donnelly discourses on "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World," a title which recalls the poetic infancy of geology when facts were few and fancy was free; while to that on "Ragnarok, the Age of Fire and Gravel," the compiler has been unable to refrain from adding a brief descriptive note. "The drift is accounted for by the impact of a comet's tail, which caused one side of the world to be suddenly deluged with meteoric debris." These enlivenments, however, are very rare; the book, as a rule, is severely utilitarian.

THE HISTORY AND ART OF PHENICIA.*

WITHIN the last few years the political history and the art of the chief cities of the Phœnician coast have taken a very prominent position in the study of classical archaeology. Many recent discoveries have contributed to show how great was the influence of Phœnician art on that of the early Greeks, partly through the actual contact of the two races in many of the island settlements, such as Cyprus and Rhodes, and also by means of the widely extended trade of the Phœnicians, whose daring sailors carried westwards the beautiful objects in glass, bronze, and the precious metals which were produced with such wonderful technical skill by the craftsmen of Sidon and Tyre, and were so eagerly bought by the Hellenic and other races along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

It is interesting to note how close was the analogy between the position occupied by the rich trading city of Tyre with regard to the Southern countries of Europe and that of the city of Venice during its mediæval period of greatest glory. Both Tyre and Venice were island cities; both were, above all things, famed for their wealth in ships and the wide extent of their commerce, reaching from east to west of the great sea. Both cities acted, as far as their art was concerned, as links between the East and West, the Phœnician city introducing the forms and symbols of Assyria and Egypt among the Western inhabitants of Southern Europe, while Venice brought the mosaics, the metal-work, and the marble-lined architecture of Byzantium to both shores of the Adriatic. Even in minor details this parallel holds good; Tyre and Venice were both in their time the chief centres for the production of rich textiles and elaborately ornamented glass-work. The words used by Isaiah to describe the Phœnician Tyre might have been applied nineteen or twenty centuries later to the city of Venice—"She has been the mart of nations . . . the joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days, whose feet carried her afar off . . . the crowning city whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth."

The whole story of the development and varied fortunes of

* The *Geological Record* for 1880-84 (inclusive): a List of Publications on Geology, Mineralogy, and Palæontology published during these years, together with certain references omitted from previous volumes. Edited by William Topley, F.R.S., F.G.S., and Charles Davies Sherborn, F.G.S. Vol. II. London: Taylor & Francis. 1889.

* *History of Phœnicia*. By George Rawlinson, Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Phœnicia is one of the most interesting and archæologically instructive among all branches of ancient history; and Canon Rawlinson, in producing this convenient handbook on the subject, has added another to his long list of services to the science which he has for so many years striven to advance, both by his printed books and by his lectures as the Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford.

In his first chapter Canon Rawlinson gives a very vivid description of the country of the Phœnicians and the physical peculiarities which so much influenced the lives and history of its inhabitants. The mother country of Phœnicia is a mere strip of coast-land, about three hundred miles long, and averaging little more than fifteen miles in width. On the west it is bordered by the sea, and on the east by the fine mountain ranges of Lebanon and Carmel, well wooded with noble timber and watered by various torrents, which are of considerable volume in the winter months, but during the dry summers shrink into insignificant shallow brooks. This narrow strip between the mountains and the sea was, as Canon Rawlinson writes, "a tract of a remarkably diversified character. Lofty mountain, steep wooded hill, chalky slope, rich alluvial plain, and sandy shore succeeded each other, each having its own charm, which was enhanced by contrast." On the whole, however, the Phœnician plains seem not to have been remarkable for their fertility, and to some extent the population of the great Phœnician cities—such as Sidon, Tyre, Aradus, and Berytus (modern Beyrout)—were dependent on imports of grain and oil from the richer soil of their neighbours, the Jews, or the Egyptians, between whom and the Phœnicians a brisk trade was kept up for many centuries. Thus, when the Hebrew King Solomon desired to build his magnificent temple and royal palace at Jerusalem, Hiram, the friendly King of Tyre, was glad to supply timber of all kinds, fir-wood, cedars from Mount Lebanon, and skilled artificers in all crafts, in exchange for large supplies of corn and oil, of which the Jews were able to produce a far larger quantity than was needed for their home consumption.

In the Book of *Kings* we have a very interesting and detailed account of this great commercial transaction; and the minute description of the magnificent temple which the Tyrian workmen constructed in Jerusalem is of unique interest to the student of Phœnician art from the fact that, in spite of its being built for the purposes of a quite different religion, it was clearly, both in general plan and in the details of its ornament and construction, purely and simply a Phœnician building—such a temple, in fact, as might have been erected in some Phœnician city for the worship of the god Baal, who, in many forms, was the chief of the Phœnician hierarchy. The large open courts, the rows of small chambers for the priests, the two pillars Jachin and Boaz, were all characteristic parts of a Phœnician temple. The very symbols and ornaments which were so lavishly introduced in carved wood and in plates of beaten gold were all borrowed from a cult which had no relationship with the nobler monotheism of the Jews. The palm-trees between the winged cherubim, which must everywhere have met the eye of the Hebrew worshipper, were among the favourite religious symbols of the Phœnicians, though this special symbol really originated with another and artistically more original race—namely, the Assyrians, in the great Valley of the Euphrates. The Phœnicians, in fact, though a people of much artistic taste and unrivalled for their technical skill in most branches of art, were not remarkable for their originality in inventing new forms of ornament. This want of invention we find in some of the most beautiful and highly-finished works of Phœnician art that exist—the bowls in bronze and silver which in the course of trade were carried to Egypt, to the islands of the Ægean, and to the Etruscans of Italy, and were eagerly bought up by these very different people. In these beautiful pieces of metal-work we see side by side, skilfully worked into the same decorative band, the strange deities of Egypt, the great conqueror Rameses II., and the sacred tree with its guardian cherubim, together with other hieratic forms which were peculiar to Assyria. And yet the general design of the whole and its exquisite refinement of detail is purely Phœnician, and in point of technique is superior to anything that either Egypt or Assyria could have produced.

Among the many arts for which this wonderful people were so justly famous none was, perhaps, more exclusively associated with the Phœnicians than the art of dyeing with the brilliant *Murex* purple. Canon Rawlinson gives a very interesting account of the various shell-fish from which the purple was obtained, and the methods employed in giving to wool or silk this most gorgeous of all dyers' colours. Several different species of molluscs, varieties of the *Murex* and the *Buccinum* or *Purpura*, secrete in a minute sac a portion of purple dye. This extraordinary secretion, the use of which to the animal is still a mystery to the naturalist, as long as it remains in the sac of the mollusc has no indication whatever that it will yield a purple dye—"the colouring matter is a liquid of a creamy consistency, and of a yellowish white hue. On extraction, it is at first decidedly yellow; then, after a little time, it becomes green; and, finally, it settles into some shade of violet or purple." In this respect the process of dyeing with the *Murex* resembles that of the indigo vat, in which no tinge of blue or any colour is visible, but in a few moments, under exposure to the air, a cloth dipped in the solution of indigo turns a strong blue in a very mysterious and striking way. In order to get the deepest shade of purple, such as in later times was reserved for the use of the Byzantine

Emperor, it was necessary to dip the stuff at least twice into the *Murex* vat, and Canon Rawlinson points out that the use of two different varieties of molluscs was requisite to produce the most brilliant and lasting shades of purple—"it was necessary that the dye obtained from the *Buccinum* should be used after that from the *Murex* had been applied. . . . The actual tints produced from the shell-fish appear to have ranged from blue, through violet and purple, to crimson and rose. Scarlet could not be obtained, but was yielded by the cochineal insect."

This last statement is not perfectly correct. The cochineal insect is peculiar to America, and so was not used in the Old World till the sixteenth century A.D. The insect dye which was so important for the weavers of classical times was the *Kermes* or *Coccus*, a little beetle which lives on the ilex oaks of Asia Minor, Greece, and other Southern countries. The *Kermes* affords a more beautiful and much more lasting scarlet than the cochineal; and to its use a great deal of the beauty and brilliance of old Oriental carpets and rugs is due. Unfortunately the *Kermes* beetle is difficult to collect, and even in Oriental countries its use is now becoming rare, partly owing to the import of cheap and inferior Western dyes.

Another art in which the Phœnicians were quite unrivalled was that of glass-making. The city of Sidon especially was famous for the manufacture of those elaborate little bottles, shaped like miniature *Amphoræ*, examples of which are found in Greek, Assyrian, and Etruscan tombs. These beautiful little bottles, made usually of deep blue glass, ornamented with zig-zag enamel bands in green and yellow of jewel-like brilliance, seem to have been used to hold precious perfumes. How very highly they were valued by the Greek and Etruscan races is shown by the very beautiful and elaborate little stands of pure gold which the purchasers of these bottles made to hold them. In some cases they are topped with little caps of gold, and no existing examples of Greek or Etruscan jewelry are more delicate and graceful than the gold mounts which were made for these gem-like little bottles.

Canon Rawlinson also points out that, according to a rather obscure passage in the elder Pliny's work (*Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 194), glass mirrors backed with a sheet of polished metal were made by the Sidonian glass-workers. No example has yet been discovered of such a mirror, though polished silver-plated mirrors are among the commonest objects found in Greek and Etruscan tombs. It is, however, probable that in these ancient mirrors the glass was only used as a loose cover over the polished surface, in the same way that a framed picture is protected. The modern method of fixing an amalgam of lead and mercury to the back of a plate of glass was probably not invented before the thirteenth century A.D. One of the earliest passages in which this invention is referred to is that in the *Divina Commedia* (*Par. II.* 89), where Dante speaks of the moon's rays being reflected

Così, come color torna per vetro,
Lo qual diretto a sè piombo nasconde.

In addition to the interesting sections on the geography, art, and existing remains of the Phœnician people, Canon Rawlinson gives a very valuable and highly condensed summary of the History of Phœnicia and the westward growth of its colonization. One very remarkable characteristic of this branch of the Semitic family is their wonderful recuperative power after the most fearful devastation and slaughter had ravaged their land at many different periods, from the time of Esarhaddon in the seventh century B.C. down to the utter destruction of Tyre and the wholesale slaughter of its male inhabitants by Alexander of Macedon in 332 B.C. None of the many tragic stories of ancient times is more thrilling than that of the heroic defence of Tyre during a seven months' siege, with not only the army of Alexander as their assailants, but even a navy of Phœnician ships from their own Cyprian colonies ranged on the side of their enemies. So strong was the position of Tyre on its rocky island that, without the aid of traitors among the Phœnician race, it is doubtful whether Alexander, with all the help of his gigantic moles of masonry and powerful siege implements, would have been able to subdue this stubborn Semitic resistance. The Phœnicians were like the modern Turks in this respect, that, though not specially skilled at fighting in the open, they were the most heroic defenders of a walled city. They knew not only how to fight, but how to die; and, rather than yield to the Macedonian conqueror, the men of Tyre gave themselves up to certain slaughter, well knowing that no mercy was to be expected from the proud and savage spirit of Alexander, excited to wild rage by his unwonted check before the walls of this little sea-girt citadel.

On the whole, Canon Rawlinson has given us a work of great interest, in which is condensed a very large amount of otherwise scattered information. It is to be regretted that, in his chapter on the Phœnician remains of Cyprus, and especially at Paphos, he has not made use of the results of the recent excavations which have been carried on under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. A perusal of the Report of the Cyprian excavators would have saved Canon Rawlinson from the reproduction of General Cesnola's very misleading statements with regard to the plan of the temple of the Paphian Aphrodite, and many other important points connected with the archæology of the Phœnician cities in the island of Cyprus. Canon Rawlinson's work is, on the whole, well illustrated, though some of the woodcuts of coins are, unfortunately, copied from old and very inaccurate representations.

THE ANNALS OF NATAL.*

MR. BIRD has selected a somewhat novel method of writing history; he has determined to let history speak for itself. With the exception of a short introduction there is no particle of matter that comes from his pen in these two bulky volumes; they are simply and frankly a compilation of documents already in existence. To the general reader in search of information, the prospect thus offered is not altogether pleasing. Few in this age of hurry will find the patience necessary to the task of reading and sifting many scores of old despatches, journals, lectures, letters to newspapers, and what not; indeed to some it will seem that a more primitive fashion of bookmaking could not have been invented. And yet it has striking advantages, at least to that rare person the conscientious student of the beginnings of nations, and, in this instance, will have yet more to the future historian of South Africa. We could indeed have wished that Mr. Bird had felt himself equal to the task of weaving the substance of this enormous mass of information into a clear and consecutive narrative, quoting where it was proper to quote, and commenting where comment was desirable. But the qualifications necessary to the undertaking are many, including as they do personal and lifelong knowledge in addition to literary and other gifts. The first of these Mr. Bird has, indeed, for he has spent a long life in South Africa, and many years of it in the service of the Natal Government, but we know of one living man only who possesses them all. Why does not Sir Theophilus Shepstone give the world a history of the country and the peoples with which he is better acquainted than anybody can be again?

For the rest we have nothing but praise to give to Mr. Bird's book. With untiring industry he has sorted out, and where necessary translated from the Dutch, very many documents which were hitherto either unknown, or buried from sight in Record Offices and libraries. Thereby he has let a flood of light upon the dark places of the early history of Natal and Zululand—from the Christmas of 1497 when Vasco da Gama and his party by "the mercy of God which in these cases consoles with calm weather . . . on the day of the Nativity passed by the coast of 'Natal' to which they gave that name," till the final establishment of the Queen's authority in 1845.

By far the most interesting part of the compilation under review is that which deals with the history of the Zulu and kindred peoples of the Bantu race. There is no more striking instance in history of the enormous power sometimes wielded for good or evil by a man of genius than that which is afforded in the career of T'Chaka, the first Zulu king. Before 1812, at which date the peaceful period of these tribes may be said to have come to an end, their life might almost be called idyllic. As Sir T. Shepstone points out in a paper printed in these volumes, quoting the native words, "the sun that saw tribes fight never set till their quarrel was ended." The quarrels were purely family ones. In the main men lived at peace with each other; they traded food, they married early and often, they were happy and they died. Then arose a colossal genius and most unequalled fend, T'Chaka, the Lion of the Zulu, and all was changed. He stalked on to power, perhaps the most absolute that was ever wielded by man, through a flood of crime and bloodshed which the imagination can scarcely grasp. Tribe after tribe went down before him, many never to rise again—for they were exterminated. One instance will suffice, that of the tribes living in Natal. What they numbered is not known, probably over half a million souls. T'Chaka broke upon them and their happy, quiet life. Soon all that remained were scattered remnants of starving wretches, hiding in rocks and caves, subsisting on roots, some of them so poisonous that those who ate of them became mad, or uniting into troops of cannibals who "hunted for human beings as men hunt for game."

As to whence came the Zulu race in its origin these volumes have little to say. Mr. Fynn, however, suggests a cautious inference in the evidence given by him before the Native Commission of 1852, which should stimulate the flagging spirits of the searchers for the lost tribes. He believes that the Kafir people have occupied a superior position in the past, and points out resemblances between their customs and those of the Jews, among which the following are the most prominent:—War offerings, sin offerings, propitiatory offerings. Festival of first-fruits. Share of sacrifice to be given to the Witch doctor, who answers to the Jewish priest. Periods of uncleanness, on decease of relatives, or after touching the dead. Circumcision. Rules as to chastity, and unlawfulness of eating flesh of swine. It is generally supposed that natives of the Zulu race are by nature particularly bloodthirsty and cruel. Of this there is little evidence. That the tyrants who rule them are cruel is true enough; but then cruelty is a characteristic of tyrants. Their subjects also show little mercy when on the war-path, it is not their custom to do so, and if they did, a distorted view of their tenderness might be taken by those they serve. But on the whole they are a kindly people rather than otherwise. For instance, their penal code will bear comparison with our own of a century ago. Treason, desertion, poisoning, witchcraft, are punishable with death and confiscation; murder, cattle maiming, and administering love philters, with death or fine; adultery and rape with fine, and sometimes death; arson, maiming, and false witness, with fine; and theft with restitution and fine. To the Bantu people also belongs the credit of having invented a

family system which, although it runs counter to our ideas, works almost to perfection. They practise polygamy, not the unwholesome polygamy of the Eastern, but an open-air variety of the custom which leaves complete liberty to the women, a liberty that it is scarcely too much to say is never abused. As a result of this system vice and unmarried women are practically not to be found among the uncivilized Zulus and kindred tribes. Neither, and this seems strange, is jealousy common among the wives, who treat each other as affectionate sisters. "I have many mothers," a Zulu will say; "all my father's wives are my mothers." M. Delegorgue bears witness to this in his *Voyage dans l'Afrique*, quoted in these pages, and experience proves that his conclusion is scarcely overdrawn. He says:—

A Kafir may have from one to fifty wives; he often has ten. His home breathes peace. There is no instance of a husband or a head of a household striking one of his wives. A mother does not know that white women allow themselves to slap their children; nor do they understand the possibility of a woman in health giving up her suckling to be nursed by another. They attach importance to devoting themselves to the end of maternal duties, the severe tasks of which they take a pleasure in increasing and prolonging; their children are neither wayward nor tearful; they grow rapidly, and soon become firm and valiant.

The result of this custom of polygamy is a vast and rapid increase of the population—that is, in South Africa, not elsewhere. So long as the increase was counterbalanced by the ravages of war this mattered little; but it is difficult to conjecture what the issue will be in Natal and British Zululand now that war is put a stop to and famines are prevented. It is curious to observe the alternating fortune which has followed these people. In the far past they must have won their way south with war and struggle. Then came a long period of rest and peace, in turn to be succeeded by the terror inaugurated by T'Chaka, which, in the case of the inhabitants of Zululand, terminated little over a year ago. Now there is peace once more. In Natal it has already endured for forty years, and during that time the population has quadrupled. What will come after the peace when the land will no longer hold its multitudes? The colonists cry out for the abolition of polygamy, which they rightly hold is the root of the evil. But there is only one way to do this, by exterminating those who practise it; for the Zulu has little craving for a monogamous existence, which—so greatly do the opinions of mankind vary on this matter—he considers improper and immoral. It is a most interesting question; but we cannot follow it here.

With the outlines of the early history of Natal most readers will have some acquaintance. The country which T'Chaka swept with his besom of destruction was occupied by a handful of adventurous Englishmen, to whom he granted it in the year 1824. This did not, however, prevent other grants being made of the same land, notably that by Dingaan, T'Chaka's successor, to Retief, the Boer leader. Subsequently to the occupation of Natal by Englishmen, the Boers, dissatisfied with the emancipation of the slaves by the Home Government, trekked from the Cape Colony in 1836 to find a new home far from the British flag. In due course they came into contact with the Zulus, then ruled over by Dingaan, T'Chaka's brother, and there followed a series of sanguinary combats and massacres. Retief and his company were treacherously slaughtered by Dingaan in February 1838, immediately after receiving from him a grant of Natal to be their "everlasting property." Following on this massacre, Dingaan despatched impiis, or regiments, to make a sweep of the emigrant farmers, and some five hundred people were slain, including many women and children, in the Weenen district of Natal. The name Weenen, or "weeping," commemorates their slaughter for ever. Thereon the Boers, collecting their forces, and assisted by Panda, the brother of Dingaan and T'Chaka, fell upon Dingaan, and, by the help of their firearms, defeated him in several battles with great carnage; till in the end they drove him to a miserable but well-deserved death in Swaziland, and established Panda as his successor. After this event the emigrant Boers took possession of Natal, and declared their independence, which, subsequently to its accustomed vacillations, the Home Government declined to recognize. In 1842 Captain Smith was accordingly ordered to occupy Natal with a small body of troops. The results were disastrous. Captain Smith was defeated by the Boers at Congela, and, together with his force, was reduced to great extremities, till in the end relief arrived under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cloete. Finally, Natal became British territory, and the majority of the emigrant Boers trekked over the Drakensberg to dwell in the South African Republic, where, as this generation of Englishmen has bitter reason to know, the story was to be repeated in due course, with even more disastrous results to the honour of our name and flag. It may be interesting to quote here the opinion of the Rev. G. Champion, an early missionary in Zululand, as to the characteristics of the Boer race. On the 9th April, 1838, he writes:—

As to the Boers, I am not yet prepared to say what I think about them as a field of labour. God is making use of them as a scourge of the natives; and perhaps when they have accomplished this, they will be the mutual scourges of each other. Their ignorance, their parties, their ungodliness, make it improbable that they can unite in any good form of government. Far less are they prepared for independence than the worst of the South American States.

There is truth in this, though the truth admits of qualification. If only successive English Governments would have recognized that in South Africa they had a great opportunity and a duty to fulfil, the history of that country would not be what it is to-day, a long

* The Annals of Natal, 1495-1845. By John Bird. Pietermaritzburg: Davis & Sons.

record of bloodshed and blunders and, for us, of national humiliation. It is not yet too late. Although in our wanton folly we have thrown away the richest portion of the richest country in the world, a country that before many generations are over may surpass Great Britain itself in wealth and importance, although in their terror of responsibility our party leaders have time on time truckled and shuffled and run away, dragging our flag into the dirt and making our name a mockery to black and white—it is not yet too late. Circumstances have befriended us, little as we deserve it. Much still remains to us, and much may still be regained. And yet will it be regained? Will not the Colonial Office still cling to its ancient policy, of which the certain fruits are disaster and disgrace? Even now we hear rumours of an intention to surrender Swaziland to the Boers. They seem incredible; but with past examples before our eyes, with the Transvaal gone and Zululand dismembered—who shall say that they are not true? And if they are true; if in the face of prudence, policy, and profit these things are to be done, and that by statesmen of the Conservative party, what is there more to say? Let us fold our hands once more and practise resignation, a virtue of which the people of this country have latterly stood much in need. Meanwhile we recommend all who would form an opinion as to the future from the teachings of the past to carefully study Mr. Bird's elaborate historical compilation.

CROMER, PAST AND PRESENT.*

TO narrate the history of a parish possessing no particular historical associations in such a manner as to make a readable book is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Those personally acquainted with the locality will probably care to possess the volume, whether it be interesting or not; but even they will scarcely have the patience to read through a congeries of antiquarian lore, unless it be digested and presented to them in a form capable of easy assimilation. Yet the history of even the most insignificant place which has possessed a continuity of separate existence for several centuries must necessarily contain a good deal that is attractive to the general reader, and much more that is instructive to the student of men and manners. A mere guide-book, dealing only with the present aspect of things, will not afford this; it is necessary to go beneath the surface, to exhume long-forgotten scraps of information, to piece them together, and thus re-form from materials insignificant in themselves the broken chain of story which connects the present with the past. Many a side-light will be thrown upon the general history of our country; many an institution now fallen into oblivion will afford evidence that our ancestors exercised and enjoyed a measure of local self-government which we flatter ourselves that we are now creating for the first time. When Guilds flourished there was no Poor-Law and no need for one. Each craft or mystery looked to the honesty and fair dealing of its members without the necessity of an Adulteration Act; the Homage of the Manor acting in Court Leet was an effectual equivalent for Petty Sessions, while the Hue and Cry against offenders efficiently anticipated the services of the County Police.

Mr. Walter Rye's *Cromer, Past and Present*, besides being a complete monograph of that place, is issued as a sample of his projected History of North Erpingham, the hundred in which Cromer is situated. Of this projected work Mr. Rye has already laid the foundations by printing some years ago a considerable amount of "Rough Materials" for the history of this hundred. He found that it was impossible to carry in mind the contents of a mass of un-indexed notes, and he therefore wisely ventured on a new departure in topography—namely, to print and index all his material first, just as it came to hand, and then to begin to write his history under separate parishes. The present volume, built on this sure foundation, may be regarded as a corner-stone of that History of Norfolk which some future historian of the county will, by reason of Mr. Rye's labours, be very much more easily and surely enabled to construct. Mr. Rye's method is as exhaustive as the industry of one single individual can well be expected to employ. It is scarcely necessary to say that he has gone in every instance to original sources for his information; he asserts that this is the first history of any parish in England to contain (1) Notes of every Inscription in its church and churchyard; (2) Notes of every Foot of Fine; (3) References to every will; and (4) Transcripts of every Subsidy Roll and Poll Book which relates to the parish. Nearly half of the volume, consequently, consists of these matters in full detail, relegated very properly to a series of appendices. That his readers will wade through this mass of names even Mr. Rye himself can hardly expect; but there they are, brought together by patient toil, and available for reference to all future time. The few who have occasion to consult them will certainly be grateful for the diligence which has placed them on record; the many, who have no such interest, should at least appreciate the labour spent upon them.

The derivation of the name of Cromer Mr. Rye seeks to account for by his favourite theory, true enough in many instances, that most Norfolk villages took their names from reminiscences of the homes of Danish or Norse settlers. To this particular instance

the theory seems singularly ill adapted; for, even on Mr. Rye's own showing, the name does not emerge for two centuries after the Conquest. Along this sandy Norfolk coast, exposed to the full force of north-easterly gales, with no land between it and the North Pole, the North Sea has sliced away many an acre of good ground. Some villages, and even towns, have partially, some have entirely, disappeared from the map. To the east of Cromer, Eccles Church, half buried in sand, stands on the present sea-beach, whilst so much of the parish has been washed away, that it has been found necessary to annex the remnant to its adjacent neighbour. Still further down the coast, Dunwich, once the largest city in East Anglia, and even in the time of Edward I. populous enough to contribute eleven ships of war to the defence of the realm, has now dwindled to an insignificant village. Off Cromer the sea now rolls over the lost town of Shipden, and the remains of its church tower, known as the "Church Rock," are a danger to fishermen. Whether Shipden and Cromer were identical or were two separate places, and, if so, which was which, Mr. Rye is unable to determine, but at any rate there were two separate churches. In Domesday only the name of Shipden occurs, that of Cromer first appearing in 1262. A hundred years later we hear of the merchants and fishermen of Cromer, but as late as 1426 the fair and market were renewed under the name of Shipden. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century the form Shipden, *alias* Cromer, appears, and Shipden by itself gradually falls out, and finally disappears altogether. Under one name or the other the place carried on a considerable trade during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was governed by bailiffs of its own, just as Norwich and Yarmouth were until they exchanged the title of their chief municipal officer for that of mayor. Fishery was naturally the principal business of the Cromer traders, but the Patent Rolls show that they also exported corn, falcons, gold, and silver, and that their imports included salt, timber, coal, pitch, oil, and wine. To Robert Bacon, a mariner of Cromer, is ascribed the re-discovery of Iceland for trading purposes; and the same bold seaman is said to have captured James, son of Robert, King of Scots, while driven ashore near here by stress of weather, in 1405, on a voyage from Scotland to France. Considerable sums were spent by the inhabitants in making and endeavouring to maintain a pier for the protection of ships in their haven; Richard II. granted to them the right of levying certain duties for five years on all merchandise coming into their port, in aid of such a pier. John Sparks, in 1483, left a legacy to place great stones to form a breakwater against the pier; in his will he refers to his cottage, called "Bloverhouse," which Mr. Rye thinks may indicate that there was some whaling going on from the place. Mr. Rye quotes twenty-three other wills from inhabitants who left money towards "the reparation of the fabric of le pere." Cromer furnished to London two Lord Mayors, who did not forget their native place; the first, William Crommere, left a legacy towards gilding its high altar; the second, Bartholomew Rede, who was a great goldsmith and Lord Mayor in 1502, founded the free school here, still managed by the Goldsmiths' Company. In 1528 no less than thirty trading ships are mentioned as coming from Cromer. In spite of all the money spent upon it the pier had in Elizabeth's reign fallen into decay owing to the "rages and surges of the sea," and that Queen granted Letters Patent to the inhabitants to export 20,000 quarters of corn for its repair, a privilege the exercise of which led to considerable litigation. During the seventeenth century the trade of Cromer gradually fell off, its decay being accelerated by the ravages of Dunkirkers and Dutchmen; pier after pier was washed away; even a lighthouse, built in 1719, had to be replaced in little more than a century by one built further inland. Mr. Rye gives us glimpses of affrays with smugglers, and even of wrecking, during the last century; before its close the port had entirely disappeared, though a small benching trade in coal and timber was carried on until late years; now even that has been knocked on the head by the opening of the railway, and nothing remains to represent its former commercial glories except lodging houses and Cromer crabs. As a watering-place Cromer has been frequented for about a hundred years, and until quite recently it enjoyed the charm of being undisturbed by any railway. It seems to have been brought into repute by the Norwich bankers, the Gurneys, an acquisitive and prolific family, of whom Mr. Rye records that in 1793 two members, a brother and sister, had between them twenty-two children who used to stand in a row on the shore. The same clan still throng the beach, and, with the allied families of Barclay, Birkbeck, Hoare, and Buxton, form a sort of close corporation, holding almost exclusive possession of this quiet watering-place. A pedigree, showing some of their intermarriages, is inserted by Mr. Rye as an ethnological curiosity. It also affords an opportunity for Mr. Rye's favourite pastime of breaking a lance with pedigree-makers; he pours out the vials of his scorn on the "Record of the House of Gournay," in which the late Daniel Gurney sought to connect his Norwich ancestors with the knightly family of Norman descent formerly resident in the Eastern Counties. The old landed families that once owned the four different Cromer Manors, whose descent is traced by Mr. Rye, have died out, or left the neighbourhood. The de Weylands, Pastons, and Arnolds of early days disappeared long ago; the Wyndhams and Windhams—no relations to each other—of more recent years, have also gone, and their very names are hardly remembered. Even the church now contains but few memorials

* *Cromer, Past and Present*. By Walter Rye. London and Norwich: Jarrold & Sons. 1889.

of the former lords of the soil, though the coat-armour formerly in the windows and elsewhere, of which contemporary records happily exist, must have been of great interest. The church is worthy of the full and well-illustrated description which Mr. Rye has lovingly devoted to it. Erected on the foundations of an earlier edifice, it is a fine specimen of Early Perpendicular work with a tower of singular beauty, built of that squared flint-work, so well adapted to resist the disintegrating effects of the salt-laden blasts of the North Sea. The striking uniformity of the general design shows that it was all the work of one mind; while elaborately ornamented stone-work, let into the flint, with endless variations never exactly repeated, gives richness and diversity to the whole fabric. Formerly, as is evidenced by repeated bequests in old wills cited by Mr. Rye, the church was rich in shrines and chapels, each devoted to some saint or to the uses of some guild. These were swept away by the Reformation; and the chapels, no longer wanted for their original purpose, were suffered to fall into decay. The chancel was unfortunately blown up, for want of means to repair it, in 1681; but the present inhabitants have nobly come forward with large sums for its restoration, and the profits of the volume under review are to be added to the fund for this purpose.

PROFESSOR J. COOK WILSON'S EXPLANATION.*

THIS pamphlet of one hundred and forty-five pages is one of those pieces of personal polemic which will, we suppose, from time to time be written and published, but for which it is to be wished, in the interest not least of their authors, that they may be as soon as possible forgotten. To notice them is an ungrateful task; but when, as in this case, the position of the assailant and the assailed will secure for the dispute some passing notoriety, silence is useless and may be misleading. And so we must say our say.

In the *Classical Review* for March 1889 was published a hostile review by Professor Wilson of the edition of *Plato's Timæus* by Mr. R. D. Archer-Hind. The review was not merely adverse, but, according to the strict and distinctive meaning of the words, a hostile review. It impugned not only the views of the editor as an exponent of Plato, but also his character as a man. We ask particular attention to this point, because it is vital. It was alleged that the editor had endeavoured to obtain credit for originality in respect of work which was not his own, and this not rarely or inadvertently, but constantly and on purpose. It was also alleged, but incidentally rather, and as subsidiary to the other charge, that the editor habitually depreciated his predecessors. We are trying at present simply to state an issue; and we are sure that Professor Wilson (whom, once for all, we entirely acquit of dishonesty or bad motives) would not deny that he made and makes these allegations.

Now this charge is a moral charge, the gravest, perhaps, which can be laid against a man in the quality of a scholar. It is always held, and the life of a student would be intolerable if it were held otherwise, that between such a charge and any dispute on matters of knowledge or opinion the line should be firmly drawn and strictly kept. Accordingly, it is not surprising that the editor in his answer (*Classical Review*, April 1889) distinguished the accusation from the objections in the broadest possible way, by replying to the accusation only. He denied the charge with indignation, and denied also that there was any evidence for it, taking one or two specific illustrations to show what sort of evidence was alleged. The present pamphlet is a rejoinder to this reply.

Now, as we understand, it is not contended by the critic that the editor in his reply selected unfair or disadvantageous specimens of the evidence. He adduces in this pamphlet much fresh matter of the same kind as the original, but he also replies to the editor with complete confidence on the chosen issues. It seems to be agreed therefore, and certainly it is our own opinion, that these cases are fairly typical. We will consider one of them.

Mr. Archer-Hind introduces his note on Plato's theory of respiration with the following remarks (p. 291):—

An important light, however, is thrown upon it [the theory] by a fragment of Galen's treatise on the *Timæus* which deals with this passage. This fragment, which was previously known only in an imperfect Latin translation, was found by M. Daremberg in the Paris Library, and published by him in 1848. On Galen's commentary the ensuing explanation is based: I cannot, however, persuade myself that it fully clears up statements which Galen himself declares to be *δυσνόητα* τε καὶ *δυσρρητα*.

Thereupon the critic accused the editor of "giving the reader the impression that he has done a piece of original and meritorious research," and again in this pamphlet complains of "the appearance of originality and discovery which the editor contrives to give his notes here." Now, before touching any details, let us ask where in the above passage the editor makes any claim to merit at all? Does he claim to have given the true explanation of Plato? On the contrary, he thinks the explanation inadequate. Does he claim that the incomplete explanation, so far as it goes, is his own? The "important light," he says, comes from Galen. Does he claim to have first called attention to the document? He implies that attention was directed to it by M. Daremberg. What is the

"meritorious" and "original" thing which the editor claims to have done? Here is the objection of the critic:—

All that [the editor] gets out of the Greek [of Galen] is equally clear in the Latin, which is not here defective. All that he rightly gets out of it, and even the illustrative woodcut (a little altered), is already given in the note and translation of the edition used (Daremberg's), to which no acknowledgment is made. We can hardly think that the editor has read the Latin: his mistake about it may come from a remark of Daremberg's.

That is to say, the editor does not mention that M. Daremberg, when he published the original Greek of Galen's Commentary, also translated and annotated it; the editor writes "published by him in 1848," and not "published by him with a translation and commentary in 1848"; and the critic would have us believe that this was done with design, in order that the editor might claim originality for getting the explanation out of Galen. Now we would ask Professor Wilson, who is a good and acute reasoner when he gives his mind fair play, to consider calmly this simple question:—If Mr. Archer-Hind had this object in view, what could possibly induce him to mention the name and publication of M. Daremberg at all? Professor Wilson says (and it is part of his grievance) that, for the purpose of this passage, the Latin translation of Galen would have done equally well. If then Mr. Archer-Hind had not mentioned the publication of the Greek, this supposed theft from M. Daremberg might actually have been committed, and this might have been done with perfect security and without any chance of conviction. We are almost ashamed to point out a consideration so obvious; and we are something more than ashamed that, upon evidence of which this is a not unfavourable specimen, one English scholar of high standing should have attacked the reputation of another. From the critic's elaborate statement (eleven pages long) of the facts concerning this matter we gather the same general impression as from the editor's brief summary, that Galen's explanation of this passage is not entirely satisfactory, that any one who paid attention to Galen's commentary might know what Galen's explanation was, but that, as a fact, until the publication of the Greek by M. Daremberg, little attention was paid to Galen's commentary, owing to the general defectiveness of the Latin translation. The real service of M. Daremberg, in relation to this particular passage, appears to have been exactly that which the editor ascribes to him; but if it were otherwise—if, in reality, Mr. Archer-Hind could not or would not have read the commentary as he does, without the assistance of M. Daremberg's notes—it would still be manifestly absurd to hold that he intentionally misrepresented a service which it would have been easy and safe to ignore.

It is not a little curious, and well illustrates the wearisome futility of these captious controversies, that neither the critic in his review, nor the editor in his reply, nor the critic again in his pamphlet, makes a perfectly proper representation of the note about which all this pother is raised. The quotations stop at the word "based," omitting the rest of the sentence, which, nevertheless, deeply affects the general colour of the statement by showing that the explanation which follows does not content the editor, and therefore that he cannot have wished to claim particular "merit" in connexion with it. Mr. Archer-Hind, it is true, was at liberty to omit the conclusion of the paragraph if he pleased, since it makes for him; but Professor Wilson should have quoted every word, and the more so as he comments bitterly upon other omissions in the editor's quotation of the note, founding upon them fresh charges of dishonesty. We found no charge upon Professor Wilson's omission; it is a mere oversight, and not important; but it is every bit as important as the average of Professor Wilson's evidence.

To follow the pamphlet in detail we have neither space nor inclination. Speaking broadly, the only part of it which seems to us material and effective for the present purpose of justifying Professor Wilson's personal attack is Part I. § 2, in which the critic shows without difficulty that the editor sometimes speaks with blamable depreciation and asperity of his predecessor Stallbaum. This is true; and it is also true (as we observed ourselves in our notice of the edition) that Aristotle, whom the editor does not like, is cited and criticized not always in the tone which is desirable. To point this out once for all would have been just; though we cannot refrain from saying that the reprimand would have come better from almost any other preacher. But this is the sum of the editor's offending, and it might have been dismissed in one sentence. The attempt to make a case against him out of his relation to the French commentary of Martin (of whom he speaks with positive enthusiasm) is to us altogether incomprehensible. And with regard even to Stallbaum it should in fairness be added that the great learning and industry of Stallbaum, which the editor acknowledges, are combined with certain qualities less valuable and less pleasing, which, as Professor Wilson himself admits (p. 7), have caused his general reputation to be less than it ought to be. Where many have been unfair, Mr. Archer-Hind, who in matters of like and dislike is not a guarded writer, has rather exaggerated than corrected the error. And that is the whole of the matter.

As to the mass of the pamphlet, it is the common staple of criticism and controversy; some of it is acute, some of it is interesting, but it contributes nothing, so far as we see, to the justification of Professor Wilson for the tone of his review. Certainly some plain mistakes are pointed out; there are mistakes, and bad mistakes, in every book; but there is no proof whatever of such negligence or of such ignorance as may properly be considered a literary offence. Indeed, considering the

* On the Interpretation of *Plato's Timæus*: Critical Studies with Special Reference to a Recent Edition. By J. Cook Wilson, M.A. London: David Nutt, 1889.

position and reputation of Mr. Archer-Hind, we are inclined to apologize for saying so.

Meanwhile, neither in the review nor in the pamphlet have we yet any adequate criticism at all upon that theory respecting Plato's philosophical purpose in the *Timæus*, which, as he who runs may read, is the only part of the editor's book to which he attaches much importance. Nor is there any praise for the translation, which, if it had twice as many errors as the critic tries to make out, would still be, in our judgment, a beautiful piece of literary work. The philosophical criticism, we understand, is still to come and may still be useful. But Professor Wilson may be assured that, unless he can altogether change his manner, nothing that he writes about this particular matter will have that weight which his place and abilities ought to command. "A nemesis," as he truly says, "attends this treatment" of an adversary in debate. How far he is at present qualified for judging impartially the work of Mr. Archer-Hind may be estimated from the following instance. In the original review he charged the editor with an elementary mistake in Greek accident upon "circumstantial evidence" derived from a comparison between one of the notes and another book. This "evidence," which occupies three pages of the pamphlet, was not stated at all in the review, and could not possibly be guessed from it. The editor by way of reply simply reprinted his note, and it is difficult to see what else, assuming him innocent of the blunder, he could be expected to do. Under these circumstances Professor Wilson now (p. 139) actually tries to distinguish between the form of the editor's protest and a point-blank denial that he made the mistake!

We have only to repeat once more that we make no accusation against Professor Wilson. He is an able man, and we have no doubt that he has come honestly by his convictions. When he is ready to believe the same of others, he will have begun to be a trustworthy critic.

THEATRICAL LIFE IN FRANCE.*

NOT without some grudging and heartburning can an Englishman contrast with the flood of light that illumines the French stage the meagre information he possesses with regard to that of his own country. At the outset there is comparatively little of which to complain. Pepys is a more intelligent, if a less voluminous, commentator on stage doings than Loret, whose *Muse Historique* covers a period—1650–1665—almost the same as that of the *Diary*. Colley Cibber and Steele are admirable chroniclers and critics; and, with regard to later days even, the famous *Account of the English Stage* of Genest is worth every stage history the French possess, from the elaborate analysis of the brothers Parfaict to the pleasing summary of Hippolyte Lucas. No such influence over the general life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as was exercised in France by the stage is, however, perceptible in England. The figure of Garrick is brought prominently before the public in the works of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other great writers of his epoch. In France from Voltaire to Collé everybody in the eighteenth century busied himself with the stage. An actress, when persecuted by a nobleman, sought refuge with the Sage of Ferney; when censured by a critic, appealed to the throne. Appointments to the Comédie Française were decided in State Councils, and refusal to sing at the Opéra was dealt with by a *lettre de cachet*. French literature overflows with descriptions of actors and their doings, and the task of writing history from dramatic and histrionic records has in France been more than once accomplished. Up to present days the same thing has prevailed, and the actress may almost be regarded as the tutelary goddess of France.

In his *Idols of the French Stage* Mr. Sutherland Edwards gives biographies of French actresses, principally belonging to the eighteenth century. He opens in the previous century with a life of Armande Béjard, the wife of Molière, and at the close of his second volume he supplies sketches of Rachel and of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The remaining lives, however, belong to the eighteenth century, and principally, indeed, to that period of theatrical activity that immediately preceded the Revolution.

To the English reader most of the information Mr. Edwards supplies will probably be new. It is, so far as the facts are concerned, fairly trustworthy. The volumes are, however, defaced by an almost incredible number of misprints. Occurring as they do principally in French words, these mistakes are especially unfortunate, seeing that they encourage the heresy sometimes heard from Frenchmen that our ignorance of French is commensurate with their ignorance of English. A few of them are indicated in a Table of Errata, which, however, only appears in connexion with the first volume. In this table are noted such preposterous errors as "ceto" for *cette*, "noins" for *moins*, "Ju" for *Qu'*, and "abbes" for *abbés*. In the first quotation, however, from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are two mistakes which render speeches unintelligible; and when one of these is corrected (?) in the Errata another error is substituted for that indicated. This occurs on the eleventh page of the first volume, and from that

time forward there are few consecutive pages without a serious mistake, while accents are thrown about almost at random. That Mr. Edwards is responsible for the inaccuracies which abound in his volumes is not to be supposed. He owes, however, to himself as well as to his reader a more careful supervision.

In the chapter headed "The Wife of Molière" Mr. Edwards gives an account of several actresses belonging to the troupe of Molière, and incidentally of Molière himself. With no mention of the doubts that have been cast upon his view, he speaks of Armande-Grésinde-Claire-Elizabeth Béjard, to give her her complement of names, as the sister of Madeleine Béjard, and does not even mention that, in spite of the statement of the marriage act of Molière, discovered in 1821 by Beffara, a relationship even closer—that of mother and child—has been assigned them. The dishonouring and infamous accusations of the *Mémoire pour le sieur Guichard* (1676), which calls Mlle. Molière "orpheline de son mari, veuve de son père," and the accusations of *Élomire hypocondre* (1670) and other works, are, perhaps wisely, unindicated. Quotations are, however, made from *La fameuse Comédienne*, in which the worst charges are supported.

It is seldom well to rake up buried scandal, if only for the fine reason advanced by Sir Thomas Browne that records of past offences are likely to embolden timid minds to imitation or repetition. The lives of eighteenth-century French actresses constitute, however, one constant record of intrigue, and to separate the stage triumph from the social career is impossible. In words quoted by Mr. Edwards, Rachel contrasts the good housewife who, troubled with domestic affairs, is an old woman at forty, and the actress who preserves her juvenility, having "no pre-occupation except in connexion with art and love, two fountains of youth." "But," continues Rachel, "I am almost copying Brantôme, for it is he who says 'Live like the rose. The more a flower is cultivated, the longer it lasts.'"

The longest life Mr. Edwards supplies is that of Sophie Arnould, the most interesting that of Mme. Favart, which necessarily includes some account of her husband. For these and for the biographies of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mlle. de Camargo, Madeleine (sic) Guimard, Mme. Dugazon, Mme. de Saint-Huberty, and Mlles. Clairon, Contat, and Raucourt, abundant materials are furnished from sources English as well as French. In addition to the contemporary memoirs and recollections, MM. de Goncourt, Arsène Houssaye, and others have diligently collected particulars concerning these princesses or goddesses of *la rampe*. In the short and not too satisfactory account of Mlle. Clairon of Mr. Edwards, which is principally occupied with her own story concerning her ghostly visitations, one or two of her noble letters written to Garrick, and included in the second volume of his correspondence, might with advantage have been used.

Nominally a vindication of himself, the *Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française* of M. Arsène Houssaye is, in its present form at least, a life of Rachel. From the four delightful volumes of *Les Confessions*, published four years ago, Mr. Vandam has taken enough to make one substantial volume. This will, perhaps, be adequate to the requirements of the English reader, who has to accept a rendering all unlike the original of the criticisms, the descriptions, the anecdotes, and the indiscretions of M. Houssaye. One thing, however, the translator has preserved—the faith in Romanticism and its high priests by which M. Houssaye is inspired, and the profound homage he paid to Rachel, are everywhere apparent. To Rachel he owes his appointment to the direction of the Comédie Française; she is his buckler against the assaults to which he is constantly exposed, and almost the final pages of *Les Confessions* are occupied with a vindication of the actress in a short wrangle between her and M. Legouvé.

That the intimacy between M. Houssaye and Rachel was good for both admits of no doubt. In their manifold discouragements, neither of them occupying a bed of roses, they turned to one another for support, and seldom failed to find it. Indulgent to her caprices, proud of her genius, and devoted to the enhancement of her fame, he was a counsellor on whom she could always rely, a friend who never failed. On the other hand, she had only to hear a hint that his resignation was imminent, and no Minister was safe from her pursuit.

For the great institution the fortunes of which he directed during seven years M. Houssaye has the warmest admiration. His imposition upon the actors, who had determined to manage their own affairs, was keenly contested and fiercely resented. If ever, accordingly, any man was in a position to know what anger may be cherished in celestial bosoms, it was he. When he entered upon his post the institution was practically moribund. The last balance showed a deficit for the year only of over a hundred thousand francs to be added to the debt weighing on the establishment. So neglected were the representations that the greatest company of actors in the world had played to fifty-three francs. The cashier of the company meanwhile declared himself unable to indicate "a single method by which the management could obtain a loan of ten thousand francs even for a single hour." A firm adherent of the Romantic school, M. Houssaye called to his aid its chief lights, Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, and so forth. The opposition of the actors, who upon his entry served him with an injunction to abstain from exercising the functions of director, was with some difficulty confronted and overcome. When the *sociétaires* threatened to leave the Comédie *en bloc*, he simply bade them go, promising to fill their places from the pensionnaires, who at that time included Got, Monrose, Delaunay, Mme.

* *Idols of the French Stage*. By H. Sutherland Edwards. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co.

Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française; and other Recollections. By Arsène Houssaye. Translated and edited, with Notes, by Albert D. Vandam. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

Favart, Mlles. Thérèse and Luther. Mme. Arnould-Plessey was coming back from Russia. Bressant, Madeleine Brohan, and Mme. Doche were within reach, and the company he vowed should be further recruited from other houses by Frédéric, Bocage, Mélingue, and Rouvière. It is needless to say that the schemes of secession melted into thin air, and that not a single actor fulfilled his threat. Before long, indeed, the majority was on the side of the director. Samson and Beauvallet and others of the company were dramatists as well as actors, and their plays were in the same category as those of Viennet, Empis, and Mazères, with whose services M. Houssaye was anxious to dispense. Strong as he was, the new director was not able wholly to banish the old school of dramatists. Very far is he from supplying a record of the pieces produced during his tenure of the direction. This, however, is obtainable elsewhere. Not a few of the pieces in question are by members of the company and others who were thrust upon the management. A leaven of high-class literature is, however, seen from the first. *Louison*, by Alfred de Musset; *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, by Scribe and Legouvé; *François le Champi*, by George Sand; and *Gabrielle*, by M. Emile Augier, were all played during the first season. *Charlotte Corday*, by Ponsard; *Le Chandelier*, by Musset; *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, by Scribe and Legouvé, were among the triumphs of the second. Without giving a complete list of pieces of importance played during the new management, a few works of importance may be mentioned. These comprise *Bataille de Dames*; *Les Caprices de Marianne* of Musset; *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*; *Diane*, by Augier; *Le Bonhomme Jadis* of Murger; *Sullivan*, by Mélesville; *Lady Tartuffe*, by Mme. de Girardin; *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, taken from Balzac, by Th. Barrière; *Mauprat*, by George Sand; *La Pierre de Touche* of Augier and Jules Sandeau; *La Joie fait Peur*; *Péril en la Demeure*, by Feuillet; and *Par Droit de Conquête*, by Legouvé. The result of this change of programme was immediately perceptible. On the nights when Rachel did not act the receipts were not always satisfactory, and *Rosemonde*, by Latour de Saint-Ybars, in which the goddess herself appeared, was a failure. As M. Houssaye points out, however, the revival under his management was instantaneous and lasting. At the close of the first year, instead of a deficit, there was a sum of one hundred thousand francs to divide among the sociétaires. His vindication is, indeed, complete, and when, under the influence of a wave of reaction, he had to yield the reins to M. Empis, actors and actresses were as eager to retain his services as they had previously been to dispense with them.

It is needless to say that the story is brilliantly told, and is illustrated by penetrative criticism, lively anecdote, and vivid portraiture. Not a few of the most prominent figures of the middle of the century are painted to the life, and their relations and proceedings are depicted with a fidelity that in some cases goes far beyond indiscretion. Mr. Vandam's translation is fluent and accurate, but a little too familiar. His notes are few and excellent. In this case, also, the mistakes in French are numerous. They are obvious printer's errors—*Haléry* for *Halévy*, *Légier* for *Ligier*, and so forth—but are none the less deplorable.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.*

SUCH a lucky-bag of varied prizes is Walpole's delightful correspondence that it should not be a difficult matter to make an attractive selection from its pages. But it is not by any means equally clear that Mr. Charles Duke Yonge is the properest person to prepare such an anthology, still less to edit it. A writer who, in his introductory pages, passes typographical eccentricities like "the Chancellor Maupéon" and "*Marino Fatiere*" fails to inspire that initial confidence which we desire to feel in a fresh cicerone. Nor are we reassured when, upon further prospecting, we come upon "Tassom" for "Tassoni," "pansen" for "panser," and "Vandreuel" for "Vaudreuil." No doubt these lapses will be laid to the count of the much-enduring printer, although they should hardly have escaped the author of a *History of France* and biographer of Marie Antoinette. But what are we to say to "Lady Mary Montague" (more than once), and "Mr. George Coleman"? Furthermore, what does Mr. Yonge mean by talking of Mme de Sévigné's letters to her daughters? One would think it sufficiently notorious that the much-adored Mme. de Grignan had no sisters. If we turn to the matter more especially in hand, Horace Walpole himself, Mr. Yonge seems equally to seek. He is obviously under the impression that the Memoirs of George II. and George III., given to the world by Lord Holland and Sir Denis le Marchant, were published during their author's life-time, and he writes as if he thinks that they, as well as the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third*, were issued from the Strawberry Hill Press. His critical judgments are as remarkable as his facts. He is of opinion, with regard to certain of Walpole's works, that "not one is devoid of merit," and that two of them, the *Royal and Noble Authors* and the *Anecdotes of Painting*, "are full of entertainment, not unmingled with instruction." Also that the *Mysterious Mother* is "admitted to rank high for vigorous description and poetic imagery." This is quite in the worshipful vein of Johnson's "Dick Minim." But

how shall we characterize the announcement that Gray is "hereafter to achieve a poetical immortality"? And what is Mr. Yonge's authority for saying that Macaulay was "unfit to shine at the tea-table of fashionable ladies"? Our own impression, fortified by recent consultation of Trevelyan's *Life*, is, that, wherever there was an audience, Macaulay was fitted to lead it captive, and that it mattered little whether he spoke at a tea-table or a dinner-table.

As regards Mr. Yonge's editorial notes, it is difficult to divine upon what principle they have been compiled, beyond that venerable one known as *à propos de bottles*. If the first object of notes is to afford adequate enlightenment to the bewildered general reader, then certainly Mr. Yonge's do not attain this standard. Occasionally they are compiled from Cunningham, with variations of Mr. Yonge's own—as, for example, when he turns "Dodgington," which is right, into "Doddington," which is wrong; sometimes they are taken verbatim from Wright, without that formality of acknowledgment which Cunningham accords to him. Sometimes they are wholly superfluous, as when we are treated to a description of Walton's *Angler*; sometimes in part, as when we are apprised that Boswell was "Dr. Johnson's celebrated biographer." They are strongest where the editor is strongest, upon points of history, and especially French history and biography, which are seldom allowed to pass. Thus, while the note about Miss Chudleigh is brief, there is a long one about Mlle. Clairon; and, although Garrick's first appearances pass without comment, there is more than a page of small print on the *Marriage de Figaro* of Beaumarchais, a fact which significantly suggests that Mr. Yonge is, above all, the historian of the Bourbons, and that

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

This limitation or partiality is regrettable, because in more than one case annotation is absolutely required. We could forgive Mr. Yonge for attempting to betray us into the belief (vol. ii. p. 294) that Miss Seward was the author of the riddle on the letter "H" if he had only made some sign of disapproval—were it but to have transcribed Scott's admirable note on the subject—at Walpole's abominable comments (vol. ii. p. 56) on Swift's relations with Miss Vanhomrigh. For such an editorial protest we would willingly have sacrificed an entire essay upon Bruneau or Mme. de Boufflers.

It would not be difficult to add further examples of Mr. Yonge's editorial shortcomings. Indeed, upon occasion, he himself is not unwilling to admit them. In a letter to the Miss Berrys, dated June 1791, Walpole speaks of "*Hannah Bonner*, my *imprimée*." The explanation is obvious. Miss More had written a poem called *Bishop Bonner's Ghost*, which Walpole had printed at his private press in 1789. Yet Mr. Yonge annotates:—"Miss Hannah More is meant; but I do not know what peculiar cruelty of temper or practice entitled her to the name of Mary's persecuting and pitiless bishop." Upon such an utterance comment is needless. Mr. Yonge, in short, has had an excellent opportunity and misused it. A skilful and discriminating selection from Walpole's letters, accompanied by notes frequent enough to smooth all difficulties, and brief enough to be unobtrusive as interruptions, would have been a real boon to many, since Cunningham's excellent edition, although it is not exhaustive, is in nine closely-printed volumes. With his allotted space (two octavo volumes) and his clear and readable type, Mr. Yonge might have given us a charming Christmas present. His neglect to do so is the more to be deplored because his process illustrations of Strawberry Hill, and some of his portraits, particularly those of Horace, of his father (after Simon's mezzotint), and of Gray, are really creditable as illustrations.

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO CAMBRIDGE.*

MESSRS. JARROLD'S *Illustrated Guide to Cambridge*, by a Resident M.A., is a handy little volume, packed full of facts, with some coarse illustrations and the most illegible map it was ever our ill fortune to meet with. Cambridge, as the author points out, was originally a Roman station on the left bank of the Cam, and a good deal of the square enclosure can still be traced, though we are somewhat sceptical as to the "entrenchments thrown up by the Roundheads while occupying Cambridge" which, we are told, are to be seen near Castle Hill. The name of the river, by the way, is probably not the Celtic "Cam" (crooked), the root which appears in the name of the River Camel in Somerset, but has grown out of the word "Cambridge" by a mistaken etymology, as though the name of the town meant, "The bridge over the River Cam," whereas the syllable "Cam" probably contains, in a corrupted form, the name of the Anglo-Saxon (*si fas est dicere*) tribe who had here their *burh*. The ancient name of the river was undoubtedly "Grant." Under the head of "Fairs" we find an account of the once famous Stourbridge Fair, now a pathetic shadow of its former self; but no notice of Midsummer Fair, or of how Midsummer Common acquired its name. Pain Peverell, Robert Courtheuse's standard-bearer in the Holy Land, is duly mentioned as the founder of Barnwell Abbey; but, as most readers of guide-books have not the

* *Letters of Horace Walpole*. Selected and edited by Charles Duke Yonge, M.A. 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

* *Illustrated Guide to Cambridge and Neighbourhood*. By a Resident Trinity M.A. London: Jarrold & Sons.

Duchess of Cleveland's *Roll of Battle Abbey* at their fingers' ends, we think it would have been well to add that he is supposed to have married the daughter of the Picot who built Cambridge Castle, and that when FitzPicot forfeited the great Honour of Brunne in Cambridgeshire, Peverell obtained it, and founded Barnwell Abbey, into which he introduced thirty monks, according to the years of his age at the time. Camden, in a passage which no Cambridge guide-book should omit to quote, tells us how Peverell "obtained a grant of Henry I. of a spot of ground without the Borough of Cambridge: in the midst of it were extraordinary clear fountains or wells, called Barnwell, that is, the wells of children or barns; for young men and boys met here once a year, upon St. John's Eve, for wrestling and the like youthful exercises us'd in England, and also to make merry with singing and other musick. By this concourse of boys and girls, who met here in sport, it grew to be a custom for a great many byers and sellers to repair hither at the same time; and it is now commonly call'd Midsummer Fair."

The clear fountains now are all choked with mud, the trees by the river-side have all been cut down, and the meadows are a prey to the speculative builder; but we are glad to learn that the Cambridge Antiquarian Society has taken what remains of the abbey under its protection. We do not altogether think that architecture seems to be the strong point of the "Resident Trinity M.A.," judging from the unqualified admiration which he expresses for Wilkins's work at Corpus Christi College, for the new buildings at Pembroke, which have been chosen for one of the illustrations, and for the "handsome" west portal of St. Mary's; not to mention his description of the florid new Divinity School as "Early English," while the "Marguerites" and other devices on St. John's Gate are worked in plaster, not in stone. Wisely, perhaps, he declines to decide as to the derivation of "Petty Cury," which is the name of one of the principal streets of the town; though for our own part we have little doubt that the latter word is the same as that which we find in the *Forme of Cury*, a cookery-book of the time of Richard II., and that the street, like the "Rue Malcuisinat" in Jerusalem under the Frankish Kings, was in mediæval times the street of the cookshops. His style of writing is not always clear, as for instance:—"Queens' Lane is part of what was formerly, under the name of Milne Street or Millestrete, an important thoroughfare, running parallel to High Street, called afterwards Trumpington Street and University Street, right across the present site of Kings, past Clare and Trinity Hall, to Trinity, which it thus connected with Silver Street"; or "St. Edward's church . . . has been the auditorium for Chas. Simeon, and earlier, no less a one than Latimer." In his account of Madingley we read that "the Hall . . . has a fine bit of old college gateway at the stables." It is a pity that the "Resident Trinity M.A." does not tell us to what college it originally belonged. The brick and stone church which stands north and south on the Newmarket Road is Christ Church, Barnwell, not St. Paul's, as stated. Finally, though the writer speaks of Hobson and his conduit, he does not spare a word of description for one of the pleasantest features of Cambridge—the watercourses which run through its two principal streets. Still, in spite of various shortcomings, the book contains much information which will be of value to visitors and residents alike.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. ENOCH & SONS send us No. 1895 of "Collection Litoff," being a pianoforte Album of "Morcenux Célèbres, par P. Tschäikowski." It is a charming collection of pianoforte compositions of the thoroughly Russian or Polish *genre* which has become so deservedly popular ever since the days of Chopin. These works demand a certain amount of *technique*, and are to be recommended to those who like brilliant music, above the average of the ordinary drawing-room fireworks. Enoch's "Dance Music," No. 4, is a capital shilling's-worth, very useful for its purpose, and has been well selected; as is also No. 2 of the Kindergarten series, a compendium of easy dance music. No. 3 of the same set is called the "Children's Sacred Wreath," and is a simple collection of sacred songs and hymn tunes suitable for quite young children. A waltz called "Little Gleaners," by Otto Roeder, is printed in one of the largest music types that we have ever seen; the subject matches the type, being both simple and clear. The same can be said of the waltz, "Fiddle and I," founded on Goodeve's popular song of that name. Most of the other music sent to us by Messrs. Enoch is printed in the same type, and for that style of music, which it is often necessary to play at sight, nothing can be more legible and clear. "Eldorado," also a waltz, by T. Popplewell Royle, has the same merit. A comic song, by Joseph Roeckel, called "On the Zuyder Zee," is sparkling, and strongly to be recommended as not being in the least vulgar. Another song of his, "The Prima Donna," is a sensational song, which we do not so much like. "You Sang to Me," by Milton Welling, is pathetic and pretty. "Babylon," a sacred song by Michael Watson, is one of the class modelled upon Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" (what a host of songs he is responsible for!) There is always a dramatic ring about them that makes them popular. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a song also by Mr. Watson, is of average merit. "Thy King," by Paul Rodney, is a sacred song of an effective character. A

pretty, unpretentious song, although not above mediocrity, called "Our Summer Moon," by Frank L. Moir, brings Messrs. Enoch & Sons' list to a close.

Messrs. E. Aschenberg & Co. send us a collection of "Handel's Choruses" for organ, with pedal obbligato arranged by Henry Smart. In many respects it is a satisfactory work; but we should like several great choruses that have been omitted to be inserted; perhaps there are other volumes to follow. In one particular we entirely object to the work—namely, the way in which some of the choruses are mangled and only parts given. For instance, there is only the last part of the chorus "We never will bow down," beginning at the words "We worship God alone," given, whereas the splendour of this last part entirely depends upon the grand contrast with the first, this being a point in which Handel is particularly great.

From Messrs. Marriott & Williams comes a collection of songs, music by Ferris Tozer, entitled "Oceana; or, Echoes from Afloat." They are a set of very ordinary simple songs, rather pretty, but nothing in the music, except perhaps the last four-part song, savours of the sea.

Messrs. Woolhouse & Co. send a value, "Thoughts of Home," by Fred E. Parsons, arranged for military band by Dan Godfrey, Jun. We need not say that under his hands it is all that could be wished of the kind. The clarionets take the principal part, and there is a good deal of unison amongst the instruments; it is a pretty value, well suited for a wind band. We have an "Intermezzo," by G. Saint George, Op. 23, which apparently is arranged in many forms, our copy being for piano and violin. It shows his accustomed suavity and simplicity of style, and ought to be very acceptable to performers who have not acquired any great proficiency.

Messrs. Reynolds & Co. send a "March of the Champions," by Felix Burns. It has a great deal of go in it, so much so that we wish some of the parts to be played in polka time to dance to. "Danse Américaine," by George Asch, we suppose must be of the schottische genus. It is very graceful and taking, and for a work of the kind is above the average in originality. "Coraline," Intermezzo, by Theo Bonheur, is chiefly remarkable in the first subject for the strong resemblance to the "Air de Louis XIII," which appeared some few years ago; the other parts of the work are even more hackneyed, although reminding us of nothing in particular. "Maypole Revels," by the same composer, is very suggestive of its title, and we should recommend it to those who wish to practise triplets with the right hand, combining, besides, a certain amount of tunefulness. "Sunny Spain" is a song by Oscar Vane, better suited for a value than for a song; it does appear in this form, arranged by J. Warwick Moore, and is decidedly bright and pleasing. "Out in the Storm," by Cuthbert Vane, is one of those so-called dramatic songs which give great scope for variety and are so much in vogue. This one gives opportunities for representing a storm, the calm that follows, safety, and the almost inevitable prayer; in its way it is effective.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKLETS.

THE Christmas card has probably been sufficiently developed; the Christmas booklet appears this season to be enlarging its borders in several respects, and may be said to have a future. Both descriptions of these seasonable offerings are issued in abundance and variety by Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner, whose publications this year are marked, as heretofore, by excellent printing, mounting, and harmonious colours. The cards are designed by adepts in the art, and those who yearn for novelty will find it chiefly in the forms of the cards. Here we have a "Happy Hand"—a pair of gloves; a child's worsted socks, cleverly simulated; a pair of boots; flowers, foliage, or fruit; a handbox, and other ingenious devices, the majority of them with verses by Mr. F. E. Weatherley thrown in. Mr. Ernest Wilson's landscapes are charming. Miss Alice L. West, whose decorative borders and drawings of birds are admirable; Mr. Charles Robertson, who is associated with Mr. Harold Wilson in a series of attractive marine subjects; Miss A. M. Lockyer, whose drawings of cats and kittens are as diverting as ever—these and other practised hands have produced many very pretty designs, all of which are reproduced, and mounted in excellent style. The booklets are mostly dedicated to verse, the verse of Mr. Weatherley—who seems to be the Laureate of Christmas card publishers—and the verse of Mr. G. R. Sims, whose "In the Harbour" is illustrated by Mr. Walter Langley's clever drawings of fisherfolk and their life. A booklet, it seems, may be of almost any dimensions, varying from three inches by four or five to royal 8vo. Thus Mr. Tom Lloyd and Mr. Ernest Wilson provide a graceful pictorial setting to the pastoral verse of Thomas Lodge and other Elizabethans on a scale that is meet for exhibition or portfolio. Veritable booklets, and extremely pretty from all aspects, are "The Silvery Thames," by Ernest Wilson; "Flower Time," "Haytime and Harvest," "Neath Summer Skies," and other miniature picture-books, all with poems and illustrations in monochrome. One of the prettiest of the booklets for children is Mr. Weatherley's "Happy Children," with illustrations in colour by Mr. St. Clair Simmons and Miss Alice West.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BESIDES M. Ohnet, whose book we noticed last week, almost all the more prominent novelists of France have got ready each his or her volume for November and the Paris book season. Mme. Henry Gréville's *L'avenir d'Aline* (1) seems to us a good deal above the level of its author's recent work, though we are not quite sure whether the point which gives it interest to us was intended by the novelist. Aline is the daughter of a *professeur*, who dies in early middle age and leaves his wife and twelve-year-old child practically penniless. The mother (who is affectionate and sentimental, while the child is mistressful and rather hard) accepts after many misgivings an extremely lucrative place as governess in Russia, and not only amasses sufficient money in six years to keep the wolf from the door, but refuses an offer of marriage from her widowed employer. Meanwhile Aline has been sheltered by a lively widow, a friend of her mother's. Julianne Breton comes home to find the widow anxious to marry again, and Aline a very satirical young lady, less grateful to her hostess than desirous of cutting her out with an enticing young financier. The rest of the story need not be told; it ends well, though we are not sure that Aline's husband (no matter who he was) is to be congratulated. A stage catastrophe does not alter nature. Most of the characters are well drawn, and the good adopted-grandfather M. Leroy is agreeable. But the point to which we refer is contained in a scene between Aline and her mother, where the former demands all her mother's small savings (which she thinks larger than they are) as *ma dot*. It is not long ago that some one (we forget who it was) expressed his hopes that this *dot* system might be introduced into England. Mme. Gréville has exposed its essential ugliness very appositely. Some results of our own system are not pretty; but it can hardly lead to anything quite so loathsome as the situation of a young woman—supported, on the whole, by the customs and practice of her society—expecting her mother to impoverish herself in order to induce some man to be good enough, for money paid, to accept her, the young woman's, person.

If Mme. Gréville's work is above her average, M. Duruy's (2) is, to our taste at least, a long way below his. It is, in fact, nothing but an account of the last days and death of Gambetta (who is called Costalla) thrown into novel form, and provided with suitable explanations of what has been generally thought mysterious. How much of these explanations may rest upon actual fact which is not public property we do not know, and we do not care; but the selection of the subject at all seems to us not so much in doubtful taste as in taste imitably and execrably bad. Nor should we say ourselves that the execution redeems the conception. M. Duruy can hardly write otherwise than forcibly and well; and the sketches of the patient mistress, Thérèse Gauthier, and the very impatient one, Aurélie Vidalin, with her son, Marius the Parricide, have power. But the pervading defect in taste, and therefore in art, mars the whole.

M. Duruy's chief rival among younger novelists has been somewhat, though not wholly, more fortunate in *L'illusion de Florestan* (3). The book is free from the griminess and hardness of some of M. Rabusson's work, but it is also rather thinner than most of that work. Florestan de la Garderie, a country-bred, but not particularly virtuous, young man, comes to Paris, convinced that the Earthly Paradise is to be found in a *liaison* with some accomplished Parisian lady. In short, he has the old, old lesson of *Celle-ci et Celle-là* to learn, and persists in learning it, despite the admonitions of not merely an Anglomaniac and sportsmanlike uncle, but of a beautiful English or half-English widow, Mabel Baroness Gueyard, who is the intimate friend of his chosen lady love, the Marquise de Fossanges. The rest who knows not? The Marquise is quite ready to betray her husband, to compromise herself with Florestan, to spurn the not wholly disinterested admonitions of Mabel. Florestan is as ready to imitate her in the last respect. But whereas he is, or thinks he is, ready to sail "à la rive fidèle où l'on aime toujours," he finds no such readiness in his mistress. She comes to the conclusion that great passion for a lover is as absurd and impossible as great passion for a husband. "Si nous étions capables d'aimer, est-ce que nous n'aimerions pas nos maris?" asks she of Mabel. Then why does she "succumb"? "C'est un peu affaire de perversité; mais surtout de distraction." Wherein it may be feared that M. Rabusson, who is after all a rather keen observer of modern society, speaks a good deal of truth—of truth which concerns France rather more than England, but both countries considerably. It is rather unfortunate that the personages whom he has set to work out this uncomfortable but not uninteresting thesis lack attraction. Florestan is a young fool, without the freshness which ought to attach to youthful folly, with a certain amount of depravity about him, and with (to Mabel) more than a certain amount of bad manners. Mme. de Fossanges is as heartless as Millamant pretended to be, without Millamant's charm; the uncle Le Hardouin is Major Pendennis without the Major's sap and humour; the husband is pitiable only; and Mabel herself, who would seem to be intended to give the foil to these, is allowed to be in questionable situations.

We perceive strongly in Mme. Bentzon's *Tentée* (4), and less strongly in the shorter story, "Faelle," which serves as make-weight, the fault which has marred most of her work—the fault of writing from books instead of from life. Odette, the heroine of *Tentée*, is a Frenchwoman who has married an Englishman, and the whole of the English part is pure convention; indeed, we think we could put finger on the English book (if a work of the excellent Ouida's can be called English) which has chiefly inspired it. Lord Melton, and Odette's sisters-in-law, Isa, Maude, and Kate, are as much alive as if the first-named had been called Lord Boulingrog and the last Miss Ketty. And, though of course we speak with more hesitation on this head, the French characters themselves seem to us to have the same "out-of-book" character, the same absence of spontaneity and nature. Let it, however, be observed that Hugh Carlton, the English painter, plays a very respectable part in "Faelle," if not an extremely lifelike one.

There is never any need of reserve or comparison or allowance in speaking of "Fortuné." A man is born or he is not born a client of M. du Boisgobey. If he is not, he has only not to attempt to read him, and may pass him by with a cordial and respectful salutation. If he is, he has only got to stick to his Fortuné and his Fortuné will put him through. We have not discerned in *Marie Bas-de-laine* (5) any features distinguishing it either for the better or for the worse from other "ops" of its prolific, beneficent, and admirably equal author. It is honest melodrama in novel form. "And what for no?"

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE future historian of the Secession war in the United States will have to sift and select from an enormous mass of material, if contributors do not speedily cease from their labours. Unceasing has been the flow during the last twenty years. From all quarters the instalments come, and chiefly from those who have taken active parts in the war or in the political movements that led to it. When makers of history become writers of history, it is obvious that the work of the true historian must be delayed. The hour and the man are not yet. In Mr. Eli Thayer's *History of the Kansas Crusade* (New York: Harper Brothers) we have the story of a remarkable political enterprise told at length by its originator. The book deals with the oft-told story of the desperate struggle waged over the question of slavery in Kansas, as the time approached when the claim of the Territory to be admitted as a free State or a slave State must be settled. Mr. Thayer's purpose is to show that the final settlement that resulted in the triumph of the "Free State cause" was brought about by the agency of the Emigrant Aid Company, promoted by himself and others of the "Free Soil" party in Massachusetts. By this bold move, at the very moment when the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill repealed the "Missouri Compromise," there was established the nucleus of what became eventually a formidable colony of Anti-Slavery men in the midst of the enemy. It was a genuine colonial undertaking, duly legalized by the State of Massachusetts, equipped with means for building schools, churches, saw-mills, and other civilizing agents. The idea, it seems, had previously occurred to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, in his introduction to Mr. Thayer's narrative, declares that in 1845, during the early days of Texas, he had proposed a similar migration from the North to that territory, a kind of *Mayflower* expedition, an influx of New England "Free Soil" patriots that should purge Texas and save it. Mr. Thayer might, we think, have devoted a little more space to the history of these self-ex-patriated patriots and the progress of the colony, instead of filling so many pages with the testimonials of friendly politicians like Sumner, and the attacks of foes in the newspapers of the time. To many English readers it will be a little odd to note that Mr. Thayer reckons among his bitterest opponents the American Anti-Slavery Society and Abolitionists of the Garrison and Wendell Phillips school. Mischievous bigots and disunionists he styles them, and certainly they worked him and his cause as much ill in press and on platform as the fanatic John Brown, of whom he writes with refreshing candour, did in the Territory. He accepts Garrison's sneer that there was not one "Abolitionist" among his twenty thousand colonists, and thanks Heaven for it. It is not surprising that Southerners did not discriminate nicely between the Emigration Aid Company and Abolitionists. In the South all Anti-Slavery men were Abolitionists. Mr. Thayer is at some pains to show that there were men opposed to slavery on "principle," though the majority were moved by "sentiment." His record, with all its departures from strict narrative form, is full of interest. To create and foster public opinion in the North was of course the ordinary expedient of a politician; to import it manufactured into Kansas in the form of an organized colony was decidedly an original and notable achievement.

No more delightful book can be cited among the writings of its lamented author than *The Brook and its Banks*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (Religious Tract Society). "One of the last books," as the editorial note observes, it is decidedly one of the best of this admirable observer and excellent writer. There is something akin to magic in the power that transports the reader in a few moments to the running water, free air and sunshine, and the not less pleasant influence of a sympathetic companion. The

(1) *L'avenir d'Aline*. Par H. Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Fin de réve*. Par George Duruy. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *L'illusion de Florestan*. Par Henry Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Tentée*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Marie Bas-de-laine*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

charm is the more remarkable because no writer could be less given to description as exemplified by the effusive school of writers. Mr. Wood seldom attempted to "describe" the habitats of insects or birds, yet by a few simple touches the haunts of water-fowl, or spider, or beetle, are painted with wonderful completeness and truth. The result, in the present volume, is a veritable excursion into "the fairy land of nature," illustrated by many beautiful woodcuts. We have a curious proof, by the way, of the fact that the popularity of Mr. Wood's works is not confined to those who pursue natural history as a study or recreation. Thirty years ago, the author remarks, he made the statement, printed in capital letters, "Insects never grow." The statement is repeated at p. 119 of *The Brook and its Banks*, because Mr. Wood continued to receive letters denying the fact. One person sent him several humble bees of various sizes. Another, who forwarded a number of cockroaches, wrote, "You do not understand what you are writing about, sir. Did you never see blackbeetles in your life? As you seem not to have seen them, I send you a lot which I caught myself in my kitchen, and they are all of different sizes. Insects do grow, and you are wrong." The last letter was probably from an angry cook. It concludes with a request for publication.

Mr. Frank Stockton's *Personally Conducted* (Sampson Low & Co.) is likely, we fear, to occasion some disappointment, for it is entirely devoid of Stocktonian humour, and is, in short, but a journal of travel in Europe, a decorous account of the ordinary progress of a voyaging American through Rome, Florence, Venice, the Rhine, the Netherlands, and England. Nor does Mr. Stockton contrive to say the thing that is new of "King London" or "Queen Paris," though for untravelled American boys and girls his experiences and impressions may prove interesting. The book, however, is well illustrated by Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and others.

There is a pretty gift of fancy, with some little poetic insight, in Mr. William Cartwright Newsam's *Reveries, Rhymes, and Rondeaux* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Grace, as well as facility, may be said to distinguish the rondeaus. Smooth execution is the one thing to be noted of the sonnets and remaining pieces.

We must confess to have courageously put to the test *An Outline Analysis of "Sordello,"* by Jeanie Morison (Blackwood & Sons), without any considerable enlightenment of our original sin of incomprehension. With so earnest and sympathetic an exponent the result is extremely mortifying. There is more of commentary, however, than of analysis in this little book. Others may be more fortunate, and for them the darkness may be lifted. In the meanwhile

We sit possessed in patience; prison doors
Will burst one day, and Heaven beam overhead.

There is a good deal of instruction for teachers in two geographical class-books before us. Mr. Redway's *Teacher's Manual of Geography* (Boston: Heath & Co.) is intended to supplant the ordinary work of the teacher. *Topics in Geography*, by W. F. Nicholls, A.M. (Boston: Heath & Co.), also contains its "hints to teachers," but, unlike the companion work, the system of teaching is presented in "grades," which are exceedingly inclusive of the subject. Mr. Redway appears to be an advocate of pedantic innovations in certain matters. He insists upon the spelling "Bering" for Behring, the navigator, and declares that "Europe and Asia form a single body of land, to which the name Eurasia, or Europe-Asia, is now commonly given." He proceeds to inform a misguided world that "Africa is a peninsula attached to Eurasia, and not an island." Why not call the three continents Eurasia?

High School Lectures, by M. E. G. Hewett, A.Q.C. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), comprises brief addresses to the Girls' High School at Napier, New Zealand, on Health, Food, Dress, Books, and so forth, appropriate to the occasion, no doubt, though it were hard to suggest a reason for publication.

The Public Schools Year Book, 1889 (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), comprises an "educational" and an "athletic" section, and much useful information in both, to judge from the diverse points of view of boys, and parents or guardians. Particulars of thirty schools are given. The editors, by the way, might do well to curtail the "athletic" record, and economize space. It is absurd to give the same cricket score in full twice, as at pp. 5-7.

We have received the first instalment of *The Works of Josephus*, translated by Whiston, revised by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., with topographical notes by Sir C. M. Wilson, K.C.M.G. (Bell & Sons). This addition to "Bohn's Standard Library" is to be completed in five volumes.

We have also received *John Bright*, by the Rev. Charles Bullock, a "non-political sketch of a good man's life" (*Home Words Office*); *Memoirs of Henry Richard*, by Lewis Appleton, F.R.H.S. (Trübner & Co.), and *Duncan's Brewery Manual* for 1889 (Effingham Wilson), from which it appears that, while brewery Companies are everywhere being formed, less beer was consumed last year "per head of the population" than in any year since 1865, with the exception of 1885.

We regret extremely that, by an oversight, in the review of Mr. Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song" Addison's "The spacious firmament on high," which is actually included, was spoken of as omitted. Mr. Palgrave also informs us that the death of Dr. Bonar occurred after the book passed through the press.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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